

# THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## OR, MONTHLY MUSEUM OF KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VII.]—For JULY, 1790.—[Vol. II.

### CONTAINING,

	Page.		Page.
Description of the Falls of Niagara,	387	Monthly Review of New Books,	433
The Babler, No. IX.	388	Singular Instance of Female Revenge,	435
The Collection, No. XIX.	390	<i>The BOUQUET.</i>	
Literary Prejudice corrected,	391	Anecdote of a Humorous Divine—of	
Bounty Rewarded; or, the Worthy		Gen. Lee—of the Dutchess of Nor-	
Soldier,	ibid.	thumberland—of Chatterton—of two	
Singular Anecdote,	392	gentlemen—of Lord N—, —of a	
The Philanthropist, No. XIX.	393	Priest—of a Country Squire,	436
The Rivulet, No. IV.	394	<i>SEAT of the MUSES.</i>	
The General Observer, No. XVI.	396	Ode, inscribed to Mrs. M. Warren,	437
The Contrast, concluded,	398	A moral Song,	ibid.
Story of Father Nicholas, concluded,	400	The Last Day,	438
The Scapiad, No. VII.	404	A Pastoral,	ibid.
A Sentimental Picture,	405	Address to Good Nature,	439
The Golden Age,	406	The Rose, a Fragment,	440
Strictures on a young Lady's Dress,	407	Lines to Philenia Constantia,	ibid.
On the Importance and Profits of Ag-		The Golden Age,	ibid.
riculture,	409	Single Life and Matrimony, contrasted,	441
Criticism on Musick, by Dr. Franklin,	412	Answer to a Challenge,	ibid.
Description of the Mississippi River,	415	Dr. Johnson to Stella,	ibid.
The Dreamer, No. XIV.	417	Epilogue to George Barnwell,	ibid.
Advice not to counterfeit Sickness,	419	On the Death of a New Born Infant,	442
Philo, No. XI.	420	A friendly Epistle, addressed to Nobody,	ibid.
Text explained,	421	Dean Swift's Epitaph upon Dr. Burnet,	ibid.
Remarks on the English Language,	422	Duetto,	ibid.
Description of the Bull Baitings in Spain,	424	<i>MUSICK.</i>	
On the Beauty and Variety of Butter-		The Lovely Lads, a new Song. Set	
flies,	425	by Mr. Selby.	443
Observations on the Manners of the		<i>The GAZETTE.</i>	
Italians,	427	Foreign Occurrences,	444
Story of a Turk,	429	Domestick Occurrences,	445
Commencement at Cambridge,	431	Marriages and Deaths,	447
Singular Integrity,	432	Meteorological Observations,	448

Ornamented with a well engraved View of the FALLS at NIAGARA, and a Piece of MUSICK.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

*Textuarius* is thanked for his Biblical Criticisms. Ingenuous solutions of apparent contradictions might be satisfactory.

*Punctilio's* Picture, is a pretty piece of Sentimental Painting.

*A. B's.* Remarks on a late paragraph, we trust are sufficiently *severe*.

*The Removal of Congress*, would *remove* our office from hence, to the place of —

*Strictures upon a certain Character*, complete nonsense. Much ado about nothing, answers to its title.

*An Admirer of Sterne*, will be attended to.

*Monthly Review*—is a very agreeable acquisition, and what we have been long wishing for.—We wish success to the undertakers, and hope candor and impartiality will be the characteristics of their productions.

### To the SONS and DAUGHTERS of the MUSES !

*Egon's* Translation from Ovid, very acceptable ; with a continuance of similar favors.

*Philenia Constantia's* Ode to Mrs. M. Warren—animated and elegant.

*Alouette's* Address to Good Nature—neatly worded.

*Euphelia* to *Philenia Constantia*—the lovely tone of friendship's hallowed voice !

*Menalca's* Answer to *Hilario's* Rebus, with his Rebus on a Bride, wait for permits. Many others are in the same predicament.

*Emmeline's* Rose—fragrant as the breath of summer.

*Epilogue* to *George Barnwell*, we are happy to notice.

*Eugenio's* Moral Song, is worthy attention.

*Punctilio's* Last Day, is rather deficient in sublime imagery.

*Q. L.* who has favoured us with several judicious poetical Extracts, we hope will be pleased at our promptitude of attention. There is need of fresh supplies.

*X.* who transmitted a piece of foreign Musick, has our thanks, and may rest assured his favour shall be attended to ; it being our intention in future to blend the most favourite European Airs with such valuable American compositions as we may receive ; and we request the lovers of musick to furnish this department.

To the legitimate Offspring of *Somnus* and *Nox* !—Such indeed art thou, *Random*, with thy crape cushion !—Such is the enigmatical *C. P.* We bid you an affectionate farewell, and beseech you to return the compliment.

ERRATA for last month.—In "*Lines to Euphelia*," page 372, line 13, for *careless* read *causeless*—line 37, for *hast* read *harsh*.

## Current Prices of PUBLIC SECURITIES, July 31, 1790.

	s.	d.
Final Settlements,	11	
Consolidated State Notes,	8	
Loan Office Certificates,	11	
Interest Indents,	7	2
Impost and Excise Orders,	16	
Army Certificates,	9	
Specie Orders, Tax No. 5.	15	
No. 1, 2, and 3 Orders,	7	
New Hampshire State Notes and Certificates,	7	6
New Emission Money,	6	3



VOL. II

Nat'l Mag.

N. VII



Engraved by R. H. B.

VIEW of the FALLS of NIAGARA.

1857-1858





T H E

# MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

For J U L Y, 1790.

## DESCRIPTION of the FALLS of NIAGARA.

In a LETTER from ANDREW ELLICOTT, Esq; to Dr. RUSH, of Philadelphia.

[Illustrated by a well engraved View of the FALLS, delineated by Mr. ELLICOTT.]

DEAR SIR,

**A**MONG the many natural curiosities which this country affords, the cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greatest.—In order to have a tolerable idea of this stupendous fall of water, it will be necessary to conceive that part of the country in which lake Erie is situated, to be elevated above that which contains lake Ontario, about three hundred feet. The slope which separates the upper and lower country, is generally very steep and in many places almost perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime stone.—The slope may be traced from the north side of lake Ontario, near the bay of Taron-to, round the west end of the lake; thence its direction is generally east, between lake Ontario, and lake Erie—it crosses the strait of Niagara, and the Cheneseco river, after which it becomes lost in the country towards the Seneca Lake.—It is to this slope that our country is indebted, both for the cataract of Niagara, and the great falls of the Cheneseco.

The cataract of Niagara was formerly down at the northern side of the slope, near to that place, which is now known by the name of the Landing; but from the great length of time, added to the great quantity of water, and distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about seven miles, up towards lake Erie, and a chasm is formed which no person can approach without horror. Down this chasm the water rushes with a most astonishing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up the road near this chasm, the fancy is constantly engaged in the contemplation of the most romantick and awful prospects imaginable, till, at length, the eye catches the falls—the imagination is instantly arrested, and you admire in silence! The river is about one hundred and thirty five poles wide, at the falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet. The fall of this vast body of water produces a sound, which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles, and a sensible tremulous motion in the earth for some poles round.

round.\* A heavy fog, or cloud, is constantly ascending from the falls, in which rainbows may always be seen, when the sun shines. This fog, or spray, in the winter season, falls upon the neighbouring trees, where it congeals, and produces a most beautiful chrystalline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the falls of the Cheneseco.

The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chasm, prevented my attempting it; but I conjecture the water must descend at least sixty five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the cataract, is one hundred and fifty feet; to these add fifty eight feet, which the water falls in the last half mile, immediately above the falls, and we have two hundred and seventy three feet, which the water falls, in a distance of about seven miles and an half.—If either ducks, or geese, inadvertently, alight in the rapids,

above the great cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are instantly hurried on to destruction.

There is one appearance at this cataract, worthy of some attention, and which I do not remember to have seen noted by any writer.—Just below the great pitch, the water and foam, may be seen puffed up in spherical figures, nearly as large as common cocks of hay; they burst at the top, and project a column of spray to a prodigious height; they then subside, and are succeeded by others, which burst in like manner. This appearance is most conspicuous about half way between the island, that divides the falls, and the west side of the strait, where the largest column of water descends.

I am &c.

ANDREW ELLICOTT.

Niagara, December 10th, 1789.

\* It is said, by those who have visited this stupendous cataract, that the descent into the chasm is exceedingly difficult, because of the great height of the banks. A person, having descended, however, may go up to the bottom of the falls, and take shelter behind the torrent, between the falling water and the precipice, where there is a space sufficient to contain a number of people, in perfect safety; and where conversation may be carried on, without much interruption from the noise, which is less here than at a considerable distance. This is not unworthy the attention of the philosophick reader.

## The B A B L E R. No. IX.

*Reflections on the Dangers attending a Propensity to illiberal Intrigue, with some Stanzas, and a Letter.*

UNIVERSAL soever as the spirit of amour may be, and great soever as the countenance may be which it receives from the polite world, there is no one source from which such a number of calamities are produced, nor any one spring which pours in such a variety of misfortunes upon society. Unhappily in this gay age the depravity of manners has arisen to so enormous a degree, that it is in some measure necessary for a young fellow to give into the fashionable follies, and practice vices to which he has a real abhorrence, if he would establish the character of a man of taste, or shew himself tolerably well acquainted with the world.

In the prosecution of modern amour, more than in any other vice, there are allurements which very few think themselves capable of resisting, or e-

ven chuse to resist, if they could. A man finds his vanity tickled, as well as his inclination gratified, in the seduction of unwary innocence, and, abstracted from the transport resulting from possession itself, the generality of our sex think, with an infinity of satisfaction, upon their own accomplishments, and suppose they must be possessed of some extraordinary qualifications, when a woman shews her sensibility of them at no less a price than her everlasting disgrace.

The same vanity which impels the one sex to a pursuit of unwarrantable amour, is the very reason why the other is so seldom offended, when they even know that a man's design is repugnant to honour and virtue. The pleasure arising from the adoration paid to a pretty face, casts a veil over the infamous intention of him who

who offers it, and the generality of women are content to be addressed upon the footing of strumpets, provided the offence which is offered to the purity of their hearts, is mingled with a well turned compliment to the beauty of their persons. Hence, actuated by vanity, and perhaps rendered weak from constitution, the amiable idiot of the softer sex is immediately undone, and the remorseless libertine of ours feels no compunction in the ruin of her character, since the monstrous depravity of general opinion induces him to consider it as an enhancement of his own. Nay, this vanity on the side of the ladies, has sometimes been so unaccountably absurd, that two sisters have quarrelled about the addresses of an agreeable spoiler, and contended, with an inflexible sedulity, for the honour of sacrificing their peace of mind in this world, and endangering their everlasting happiness in the next.

Independent of the lamentable consequences in point of character, which on the woman's part most commonly attend a deviation from virtue, the effects which such a deviation has upon her spirits, is generally fatal. There is a softness in the female mind, so very susceptible of tender impressions, that it is next to impossible the idea of a favoured lover should ever be erased; and as it is equally impossible that the libertine professed can confine himself to any single attachment, the woman must necessarily be wretched when she knows that those vows and protestations are indiscriminately paid to the whole sex, which she once vainly imagined were engrossed by herself. Besides this there is an ingrateful sort of indolence in the temper of the man, which renders him indifferent in proportion to the study taken to please him, and a spaniel like kind of fondness in the disposition of the woman, which increases her tenderness in proportion as she experiences his indifference or abuse. I seldom or never heard of a man who behaved commonly civil to a woman who had granted him all she could grant, nor knew a woman once forget a man, by whom she was destroyed. I have an elegy before me,

in which a lady, ruined and forsaken, paints the general situation of the sex in such circumstances, with no little sensibility, and as the performance has much merit, I shall make no excuse for transcribing a stanza or two, and submitting them to the judgment of my readers.

O THAT no Virgin would incline an ear  
To wild professions from inconstant youth,  
But nobly scorn a sentiment to hear,  
That seems to laugh at innocence and truth.

For if no just displeasure she reveals,  
Time will convince her dearly to her cost,  
That step by step the sweet delusion steals,  
Till fame and honour are forever lost.

The female mind may bid its terrors cease,  
Who never made her softer feelings known,  
Nor fear a thought destructive to her peace,  
While prudence tells her to conceal her own.

But if, alas! in some unguarded hour,  
From this advice she madly should depart,  
She gives her lover an unbounded power  
To wound her honour and to break her heart.

In vain the fair to such a crisis drove,  
In sense or soul superiour will confide;  
For when has reason triumph'd over love,  
Or inclination been subdu'd by pride?

Say, heav'n! to whom my prayer is now  
address'd,

Why are we subject to so hard a fate,  
That tho' the easy fondness of our breast  
Be still abus'd, we never wish to hate.

For e'en this moment when my grief has  
stole

The aching tribute of a falling tear,  
I feel a foolish something round my soul  
Declare the soft betrayer is too dear.

Alas, the anguish I am doom'd to prove,  
From real passion only can begin,  
For this sad drop proceeds from slighted  
love,

And pardon, heav'n, no sorrow for the sin.

But, O ye powers, remove each softer trace  
That calls his faithless image to my eyes;  
For as I know him infamous and base,  
It is but just I hate him and despise.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter sent by a young fellow of my acquaintance, lately married to a most amiable woman, to a lady who officiated as bridesmaid to his wife, and who was weak enough to make him some overtures in a little time after the wedding day.

MADAM,

UNEASHIONABLE soever as it  
may be for a gentleman to have any  
notion



notion of his moral duties, and inelegant sinner as it may be in a husband to pay the least attention to his word as a man, I must take the liberty of informing you, that I have too just a regard for the vows which I have lately given to an excellent woman, in the presence of the living God, to think of violating them by listening to any insinuation of tenderness in others of the sex : And suffer me, madam, to add, that I have not such a cruelty of temper as to destroy the eternal quiet of a deserving lady, which must inevitably be the case in her moments of reflection, let the passions tell her what they will, when reason is more off its guard. I have such an opinion of you, madam, as to suppose an intercourse of an illicit kind, would plant daggers in your bosom, when that fine sense of which you are mistress, had leave to exert itself; and that however the guilty commerce might be secret-

ed from the knowledge of the world, that recollection would harrow up your soul, when you whispered it to your own.

Think, madam of your inexpressible beauty, your exalted merit, and your elevated rank, nor suffer an unhappy prepossession to lead you into any error repugnant to the regard which is due to your own reputation, the honour of your sex, and the happiness of your friends ; and, believe me, that an attention to this advice, whatever you may think of my behaviour at present, will one day oblige you to confess, that I am very much your real friend and most obedient servant.

Should any husband be in my friend's situation, the advice I give him will be a line from an old fashioned book, called the Testament, " Go thou, and do likewise."

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The COLLECTION. No. XIX.

CXC.

**W**E are beset with dangers, and therefore a wise man should have his virtues in a continual readiness to encounter them. Whether poverty, loss of friends, pains, sickness, or the like, he still maintains his post : whereas a fool is surprised at every thing, and is afraid of his very succours : He either makes no resistance at all, or else does it by halves.

CXCI.

IT is no wonder that men are generally very much unsatisfied with the world ; when there is not one man of a thousand that agrees with himself ; and that is the root of our misery ; only we are willing to charge our own vices upon the malignity of fortune.

CXCII.

THE corruptions of the present times, is the general complaint at all times ; it has ever been so, and it ever will be so : Not considering that the wickedness of the world is always the same, as to the degree of it ; though it may change places, perhaps, and vary a little in the form.

CXCIII.

IT is good for every man to fortify himself on his weak side : And if he loves his peace, he must not be inquisitive, nor hearken to tale bearers ; the man that is over curious to hear and see every thing, multiplies troubles to himself ; for a man does not feel what he does not know.

CXCIV.

THE poor, who envies not the rich, who pities his companions of poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

CXCV.

THE purest religion is the most refined epicurism. He, who in the smallest given time, can enjoy most of what he shall never repent, and what furnishes enjoyments still more unexhausted, still less changeable, is the most religious and the most voluptuous of men.

CXCVI.

PULL off your hat before him whom fortune has exalted above ten thousand ; but put it on again with both



both your hands if he laughs at fortune.

CXCVII.

HE is a great and self-poised character whom praise unnerves not ; he

is a greater one who supports unjust censure ; the greatest is he, who, with acknowledged powers, represses his own, and even turns to use undeserved censure.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I OBSERVE an assertion in your last number which requires illustration or proof. It is said, that "Cambridge University has produced a catalogue of more than 3000 persons, among whom are to be found most of the distinguished characters in America." Does the writer mean to insinuate that most of the distinguished characters in America, were educated at Cambridge University ; or that some only were educated, and that others received honorary degrees there, and thus became enrolled in the catalogue ? But in either sense the assertion is very unfounded. In point of numbers, Cambridge, from its antiquity, boasts a preeminence over any one literary institution in America : But other institutions, since their establishment, can boast of furnishing the professions with as great a num-

ber of *distinguished characters* in proportion to the numbers educated, as the University of Cambridge.

It is amusing, to hear persons affirm with positive assurance, that no state abounds so much with learned men as *that* ; no college has furnished so many distinguished characters as their *own* ; and yet inquire of these dogmatists how far their acquaintance extends, and we shall find they have scarcely set foot beyond the limits of their own state. All such declarations proceed from extreme vanity, or ignorance. No man of liberality will think the world bounded by his own horizon. Any person is tall while he stands alone, but when he mingles with the crowd, he must be tall indeed who can overlook the whole.

A. B.

BOUNTY REWARDED ; Or, the WORTHY SOLDIER.

A FRENCH soldier (one of those whom Voltaire pleasantly calls "the Alexanders at a groat a day") had obtained a furlough to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest : notwithstanding which he sung his old songs with that heart of gaiety and ease, which, under the most penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken : there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart ; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier, that prepossessed one in favour of his. The conversation (for two Frenchmen are never at

a loss for conversation) turned at first on the military profession ; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and every speech of the gallant veteran. At length, on the point of parting, the soldier said, "How happy is your Reverence ! You do not seem to be thirsty ; while I --- I am absolutely choked ; I have travelled so many miles to day,"—"If your way lies through my village I will give you some refreshment. I have some tolerable good wine ; and there, to the left, beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage."—"Thank you, Sir, for all your civilities ; but I am obliged to take a direct contrary way ; I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it ? You seem to be a worthy clergyman ; our pay is

so very poor ! Ah please your Reverence, a shilling would make me as rich as Cræsus."

The vicar, smiling, put the shilling into his hands. "There, my honest friend : I give it with pleasure ; drink my health with it."—"Heaven bless your Reverence ! On the faith of a grenadier, you are more generous than a King. Adieu, Sir, good night, and a thousand, thousand thanks." They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating, "Oh ! what a good clergyman ! What a good clergyman is this !"

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier ; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him : "Comrade," said he, as he came near him, "return me that shilling."—"What, your Reverence, do you repent of having made a poor devil happy ? But here it is---I did not extort it." The vicar received it, and giving him a crown piece in its stead, "I beg your pardon," said he, "this trifle was not worth having ; I have thought better of it."—"A crown, your Reverence ! A crown ! Do you mean to tempt me ? I assure you that shilling was sufficient."—"But it was not sufficient for me," replied the good natured vicar : "pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me."

It is impossible to express the variety of sensations by which our pedes-

trian hero is overpowered. Nor could his worthy benefactor forbear from expressing how much he was affected by the exquisite sensibility which this humble and uncultivated mind displayed. In every gesture, in every word, there was that conciseness, yet pathetic eloquence of expression, which Nature teaches, and which no refinement can surpass. Their mutual satisfaction, it may be imagined, could scarce admit of being heightened. The poor veteran, who now thought himself "as rich as Cræsus," was the happiest of men ; and the generous Ecclesiastick, whose income was far from affluent, yet who felt himself not the poorer for this bounty, enjoyed a felicity which none but the virtuous and the good can feel. They parted once more.—"Oh ! the excellent man ! the excellent man !" said the soldier, when he found himself alone : "after having obliged me my own way, to come after me again, and oblige me still more ! The good vicar, the good vicar ! May he live a hundred years !"

The soldier had for some time made a considerable progress on his journey, when, at last, he perceived that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night, was still so very distant, that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

(To be continued.)

## CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning. His parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, until Sterne mounted the pulpit. Here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his

text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following : *We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish.* The congregation looked at each other ; some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a pulpit lecturer. However, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home very highly diverted with the text, except poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers' ends every step of the way to her house.

The

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

**The PHILANTHROPIST. No. XIX.**

**CONJUGAL and DOMESTICK HAPPINESS.**

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law! by thee,  
"Relations dear, and all the charities  
"Of father, son and brother, first were known,  
"Perpetual fountain of domestick sweets!"—MILTON.

**I** WONDER, said Ignatius to Eugenio, why the matrimonial and domestick state, which is so necessary to the support of human beings, and to which the sexes are so naturally and so strongly inclined, should prove the source of so much dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Why is it, my friend, that a union so endearing as that between husband and wife, and a circle so connected and interesting as that of a family, should nevertheless fail of producing its desirable and designed effects, and with all its promising ingredients of happiness, should be able to make so few of those happy, who form and compose it?

The fault, said Eugenio, is not in the original institution, nor in the state itself, but in the parties who enter into it. This world, indeed, is not the residence of felicity; and man is too imperfect and depraved to find in any state a felicity that is uninterrupted and permanent. But some pleasures, rational and manly pleasures, there are in every condition of life, and in every relation. In the matrimonial and parental connection, provision is made, by our benevolent Creator, for enjoyments more numerous, and more refined, than in any other; and it is human folly and perverseness alone which blights and diminishes them.

Be so good then, said Ignatius, as to favour me with your directions and advice in this affair; to point out the errors to be shunned, and the steps to be taken, that whenever I rise to the conjugal and patriarchal dignity, I may not sink in perpetual gloom and wretchedness.

The grand secret of happiness in any state we have the choice of, replied Eugenio, is to enter it with deliberation, with a wise selection of associates, with a resolution to perform the duties of it, to do our part to enlighten the evils of it, and on the

*Vol. II. July, 1790.*

3 A

whole to make the best of it. Was the nuptial and domestick state entered into with such precautions and intentions, it would be found, as our Supreme Parent designed it, and as the state itself is fitted to be, a most desirable, dignified and delightful state, productive of more rational and sentimental satisfactions than any other. To enter without judgment or forethought into the most important connection; to choose at random, or as fancy or passion shall dictate, a partner for life, a bosom friend and companion, is by no means setting out wisely, or laying a sure foundation for happiness. And should such as set out in this manner, drag their existence painfully along, and find the garland of matrimony, so hastily gathered, entwined with nettles as well as roses, and even with serpents among the flowers, they will have no reason to condemn the state, but their own imprudence. Where there is a necessary union of persons, of cares and of interests, there a union of hearts and affections is indispensable. This shews that the exercise of judgment and deliberation is requisite to matrimonial and domestick happiness. For a congeniality of nature, a similarity of taste, and a cordiality of affection, which are all essential ingredients in the composition of nuptial felicity, are too delicate flowers to bloom on every bush, or to be gathered by an undistinguishing hand. As a serene satisfaction results from the steady performance of duty and the constant exercise of mutual tenderness, so negligence, coldness and unfaithfulness, will inevitably incur blame and produce uneasiness. Vain therefore is the hope of conjugal and domestick endearment, or tranquillity, where there is the want of conjugal or domestick affection and duty.

That there is a necessary intermixture of troubles with joys in the domestick



domestick life, is readily acknowledged : And so there is in every condition. But it is the part of manly wisdom to palliate the evils which cannot be cured ; it is the part of patience to bear without complaining the evils which cannot be palliated ; and it is the part of religion to annihilate lesser evils, and to turn every evil into a good. With such dispositions, qualifications and aids as these, husbands and wives, parents and children, will be happy in one another, and constitute a happy family. Let a man then who is setting out in life, and wishes to lay a foundation for domestick peace and enjoyment, choose a partner who will be likely to harmonize with him in all the laudable pursuits of his station, and in all the joys and sorrows of which his honest and feeling heart may be sensible, and let him form the resolution which a renowned Israelitish general and statesman formed of old, and every one will allow that he makes a hopeful beginning.—For my part, I cannot figure to myself a scene more pleasing among human beings,

than a family cemented by the endearing sympathies of nature, and united still more strongly by the tenderness of a cultivated affection and esteem, and all under the governing influence of prudence and religion. The happy pair who are the heads of such a family, experience the most delightful sensations in viewing the innocence and the improvements of their rising offspring, and in contemplating their future usefulness and prosperity. And the children of such a family, both loving and dutiful, enjoy the liveliest satisfaction in seeing and making one another, and their parents, happy.

True indeed it is, that neither sympathy, nor union, nor innocence, nor virtue, nor religion, will shield a family from the inroads of misfortune, from the attacks of disease, or from the depredations of death. But a family, where harmony prevails, tenderness endears, and religion presides, is in the best preparation to receive, and in the best disposition to bear, the most painful allotments.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The R I V U L E T. No. IV.

*Parcus decorum cultor et infrequens,  
Infantis dum sapientia  
Consultus erro ; nunc retrorsum  
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus  
Cogor reflectos.*

A fugitive from Heaven and prayer,  
I mock'd at all religious fear,  
Deep scienc'd in the mazy lore  
Of mad philosophy ; but now,  
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plow,  
To that blast harbour, which I left before. D.

THE doctrines, which are most conformable to the passions and appetites of mankind, are most likely to gain proselytes, among the gay, thoughtless and dissolute. The libertine could not consistently embrace a system, which commanded him to curb his inclinations, resist the solicitations of appetite and submit to the government of reason ; he willingly adopts those precepts, which allow a loose rein to the passions, and suffer them to overleap the bounds, which reason and reflection prescribe.

Horace was a votary of pleasure, yet he wished to reconcile pleasure with philosophy. His contemporaries were attached either to the Stoic, or Epicurean system. The former as industriously shunned pleasure, as the latter made it an object of pursuit. As long as he could enjoy the delights of life, he panted for their possession ; but when he became incapable of enjoyment, he wisely condemned them as vain and vicious. Duty might urge him to embrace the tenets of *Leno*, when age and imbecility had rendered



rendered him an unfit disciple of *Epicurus*.

As youth is the season of pleasure, the indulgencies which escape censure in that period, should be severely condemned in maturer age. Moderate enjoyments are not only innocent, but commendable; they tend to sweeten the disposition, and operate as a preventive upon the troubles and vexations, which accompany life. Excessive pleasures have a contrary effect; they introduce languor, and languor renders them tasteless and insipid. This insipidity embitters future enjoyments, and renders the cup of disappointment still more unpalatable. In youth we form many chimerical schemes for happiness, which experience convinces us, we can never realize. The imagination, warm and vigorous, is amused with the bubbles of her own creation; nor till the bubble breaks, does she find herself a dupe to the delusion. We are such imperfect beings, that we cannot discover the unsatisfactory nature of our wishes, till we are become incapable of their gratification; we then acknowledge that pleasure is inadequate either to answer our expectations or allay our desires. Thus youth is spent in pursuing the butterfly, and old age in lamenting the folly of the pursuit.

The sprightly vision, and instructive allegory, are swept away among the rubbish of antiquity, to be superseded by dull hackneyed precepts of morality, more dull, if possible, than their warmest advocates. While novels and romances, those gewgaws of literature, are attended with such success, that they threaten to vitiate taste, and discountenance the operations of real genius. They dazzle the eye of the superficial admirer, without enlightening his understanding, or warming his bosom with the least spark of benevolence.

The streams of *Elysium*, and the groves of *Arcadia*, were useful in the days of our forefathers, to enliven an essay or beautify a performance; but the flower often gathered, loses its fragrance, and the stream often quaffed, becomes insipid. *Olim eram*, is inscribed on the venerable haunts of

antiquity, yet as they are classic shores, they command our respect as the birth place of fancy; like the temples of *Greece* and *Italy*, they are still beautiful in decay, and venerable in ruins.

As the preceding observations have intruded on the subject, no apology can obtain them an absolute pardon; yet as they were employed to introduce the subsequent allegory, the design may entitle them to a degree of indulgence.

The regions of *Contentment* are so little known, that many impute their existence to the illusions of enthusiasm, and rather wish than believe their reality. Few undertake the journey, and still fewer accomplish it with success. Some are misled by *Pleasure*, others blinded by *Superstition*; while *Virtue* and *Religion*, the only guides to *Contentment*, are neglected and despised. When *Vice* was in her infancy, and *Superstition* had not modelled her features to the resemblance of *Religion*, there was little difficulty and less danger. The way was pleasant and easy, though at present painful and laborious. Although every step is dangerous, and the least deviation may terminate in ruin, a part of mankind are willing to encounter the hazard, in hope of the enjoyment. Desirous of visiting the regions of *Happiness*, for *Happiness* is only a more dignified name for *Contentment*, and ambitious of accomplishing an enterprise, in which so few had been successful, a number of adventurers were encouraged to undertake the journey. The season was peculiarly favourable, the morning was serene, the flowers were wet with recent dew, and the musick of the lark announced the approach of the king of day, newly risen from the chambers of the East. Nature, like an ambitious beauty, was arrayed in all her charms. They proceeded for a time without interruption. Every occurrence was an occasion of pleasure, every object was a source of delight. Though they sometimes deviated from the path, they easily recovered it. They quaffed the streams of *Temperance*, and were refreshed with new vigor to surmount the obstacles which began

to oppose their progress. As the difficulties increased, their ardour abated. They approached the fields of *Pleasure*, and were tempted astray; the luxuriance of the prospect invited them to descend, and they deviated from the course they had pursued. The verdure of the meads were pleasing, and the beauty of the blossoms were delightful; they drank of the stream, and were intoxicated with its pernicious qualities, till they were overpowered with the stupefying draught, and sunk into the arms of *Slumber*; nor awoke till the day was far spent, and the sun was sinking into the bosom of the *Ocean*, and the shades of darkness hovered around. The fierce tenants of the forest welcomed night with savage howlings. The infatuated wretches were now sensible of their danger, though hopeless of deliverance. They searched in vain for the path they had forsaken, till they were bewildered in almost inextricable mazes, and relinquished the attempt as desperate. When a female, far more lovely than the daughters of men, came to their assistance; her brow beamed awful majesty, but her voice was the voice of complacency. "Unhappy beings, says she, I am sent to deliver you from the difficulties in which you are involved. You have found that your own efforts were ineffectual, and led you more astray. My name is *Religion*, my business is to lead the wanderer from the fields of *Pleasure* to *Contentment* and *Happiness*. *Experience* has taught you, that the paths of pleasure ultimately end in pain. The prospect which they afford at a distance, is delightful, but on a nearer view, disappoints the beholder, is barren of enjoyment, and inadequate to the expectations he had formed. It is

most beautiful, when most distant; while he eagerly pursues the enjoyment which it promises, the visionary landscape vanishes at his approach, and leaves him in a dreary waste, or inhospitable desert. Such is your present situation, the only avenue by which you can return, is the passage of *Repentance*; this is painful and laborious. The entrance is almost choked with thorns, but as you proceed, the way becomes less difficult, and ends in the delightful prospect of the regions of *Contentment*." Here she conducted them to the path; when they were well nigh overcome with pain and fatigue, she revived their drooping spirits with the hope of speedy deliverance; she pointed to the land of promise, which just opened on their view. The verdure of the mountains, the luxuriance of the vallies, and the beautiful flow of transparent streams, vivified the beholders, and animated them with additional vigor to surmount the obstacles which retarded their progress. When they had attained the end of their journey, their kind conductor thus accosted them. "You are sensible of your own weakness to render yourselves permanently happy; you were not indued with sufficient discernment to avoid the evils and temptations to which you were exposed; and without divine assistance, had still remained in that situation, from which you were lately rescued. Remember that your own powers are too feeble to satisfy your desires, and without my interposition, you had been bewildered in the mazes of error, and had finally perished in the paths of ruin. If you rely on your own abilities, you can never attain happiness, if on the divine direction, you cannot avoid it."

W.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XVI.

"'Tis Virtue only makes our bliss below."

**M**ANY are the ways pursued by mankind for the acquisition of the grand object which all have in view. Happiness is the wish of every

intelligent being; however different men may be in their notions and desires in general, they all unite in making *that*, as it respects the human heart,

heart, the centre of attraction: There extend, there centre, and there terminate, all our hopes. Self love is the strongest passion in the human breast; it is the main spring of all our actions. Our feelings command, and our inclination calls forth our liveliest exertions for the security of our own peace; for this, to adopt the language of inspiration, we rise up early, and late repair to rest, eating the bread of carefulness. Some, indeed, there are, who *pretend* to be influenced by different motives; they would make us believe, that all their actions are *disinterested*; but have we not as much reason to view these with a jealous eye, as we have the man who would persuade us that his honour is sacred, although he openly avows a disregard of religion, and despises its doctrines? I would be cautious of depending on either where it would be for his advantage to disappoint and injure me. There are some men who profess to be so great patriots, that they are willing to sacrifice their own happiness for the good of their country; others to be so good christians as to be willing to be eternally damned for the glory of God—wild extravagance! strange infatuation! If to disregard the prosperity, and to be unmindful of the wants of one's particular friends, those of one's own house, is, to be worse than an heathen, surely to be regardless of the happiness of one's self is to act more stupid and vile than the brutes which perish. A religion founded on disinterested principles is a bubble, the idea is vain and impious. And the name of a disinterested patriot is but an empty sound. The wise Creator of the universe has so linked together the happiness of the individual with that of his friends and fellow men, and the happiness of the whole with his own glory, that they are inseparably connected.

Would you advance your own felicity, strive to promote that of your friends, the peace and harmony of society, the prosperity of mankind at large, and the glory of him to whom all glory is due. Few, however, very few there are, who profess to be regardless of their own welfare; and there is not an individual, whose ac-

tions will not, if they are attentively examined, prove that his own good is preferred to that of others. Every one has a right to give this preference, every one ought to do it. The more unnatural an action is, the viler it is; hence it is more criminal for one to injure himself than it is to injure another. It is an heinous crime for one man, unjustly, to deprive another of life—but how is the crime blackened, if the innocent man who fell a victim to the rage of unprovoked malice was the *friend* of the cruel hand that gave the fatal blow? Nature recoils at the idea of murder! but with what undefinable horror do we stand amazed when we hear that the foul deed was perpetrated by a man upon his most intimate associate, and chosen friend!—even upon the fond wife of his bosom, or on his own innocent, lovely, dependant offspring! Nature startles at the thought! Yet, if possible, more unnatural still in the presumptuous daring hand that strikes at and destroys its own life; this is guilt in extreme, nor can the imagination conceive of a blacker deed. Most surely then too great regard cannot be paid to our own happiness. How to pursue it is the important object; and if you pause but a moment to enquire the way, you will be solicited on all sides to accept the guidance, protection and aid of flattering emissaries, who will each promise to direct and conduct you safely to the object of your wishes. Riches on the one hand will approach, and, describing her flowery paths and delicious fruits, will point you to the lap of luxury as the centre of your wishes, and the seat of bliss. On the other hand you will be enticed by the dazzling splendor of honour, dignity and fame. Mirth and hilarity will take you cheerfully by the hand and beguile you with a smile. Sensuality will make her address to the heart and woo the affections. Each will strive to gain an ascendancy over us. But if we yield to either, we shall lose the prize. Riches and wretchedness are no uncommon companions. Fame is a shadow. Sensuality is a destroying passion. Mirth and hilarity are painted bawbles. I would not however be understood as considering these



these all as despicable objects, and unworthy of any share of our attention; only that they are fading flowers; they have their value, and if rightly improved may increase our happiness; but they are unsafe guides, and can afford no sure and solid basis for permanent peace. No pleasure can with safety be relied on which arises from external objects. The only source of lasting felicity is within one's own breast. Virtue is the corner stone—the firm foundation root, on which one must rear the fair palace of peace. A good heart is a fountain of felicity that never fails; the springs that flow from it are never dry, they are the pure streams of innocence and peace; unmingled with the bitter waters of guilt and remorse. Wisdom and wealth, friendship and fame, are all sources of bliss to the innocent mind; but they cannot shield the guilty heart from the stings of remorse. Suppose a man, fond of popular applause, and suppose too, which is no impossible case, that he should be unable to gain that applause without tarnishing the purity of an honest heart; should his ambition gain an

ascendency over his integrity, and should he, in fact, by discarding the principles of honesty and innocence from his bosom, mount on the wings of fame, and possess the vain applause of crowds and kingdoms; would not the moment arrive when the loud sounding acclamations of applauding kingdoms and crowds should be insufficient to drown the still soft voice of an accusing conscience? and would not her condemning whispers appear to his guilty mind and frightened imagination, like peals of terrific thunder?

Even friendship can have no charms to a self-condemning mind: The fidelity of a fond friend but upbraids the deceitful heart: The approving sentiments and kind caresses of chosen confidants can but tune the finer nerves for the more keen sensations of anguish in that mind which is unable to approve of itself. Unhealing is the balm which wealth bestows for the relief of a heart wounded by its own sting. Wisdom but enlarges the mind; if the mind, therefore, be a corrupt one, wisdom but increases woe.

## The C O N T R A S T.

(Concluded from page 346.)

ON the succeeding day they intended to journey no farther than Amiens. Mr. Grumpall therefore indulged his indisposition, and Bellcour his curiosity; he visited churches, and convents, and hospitals, in each of which he found something to approve. Towards noon they ordered their chaise, and, at Flixcourt, Mr. Grumpall wished for a dinner, but it was a miserable village, he said, where it was impossible to find any thing to eat; the post houses in France afforded no accommodation; according to the wretched management of this country, the horses were to be found in one place, and the food in another, and, whilst the hungry traveller was in pursuit of one, he ran the risk of having his journey retarded by missing the other.

Mr. Bellcour, with his accustomed readiness to accept and communicate happiness, entered the house, whilst his

companion ordered the horses, and soon returned with the pleasing intelligence, that a meal might be procured. Mr. Grumpall accordingly quitted the carriage, and examined the larder, which contained the remains of a piece of meat already dressed, and some beef which had been reserved for the next day's *bouilli*. On the former Mr. Bellcour declared his determination to dine, but all hope of refreshment seemed to have deserted the unhappy Grumpall, till his friend suggested to him the facility of getting a basin of beef tea in ten minutes. The cook was summoned, and appeared with a soup pot and onions. Grumpall demanded a saucepan and fair water. The cook demurred; he said, no man could make soup without onions. Grumpall persisted, it was beef-tea, and not soup, that he desired. The cook rejoined, tea could only be procured at the apothecary's shop, and there



there was no apothecary nearer than Amiens. Grumpall grew outrageous, the cook maintained his knowledge of soup-making, and the dispute might have continued during the remainder of the day, if Mr. Bellcour had not ended it, by asserting roundly, that "Monsieur étoit cuisinier de profession, et un des plus celebres de l'Angleterre."

The cook now demanded pardon, and yielded his knife to Grumpall, who thus compelled to prepare his own meal, bestowed a thousand curses on French stupidity and pertinacity, and, exhausting his appetite in resentment, swallowed a few spoonfuls only of the subject in contention, and declared his readiness to depart.

In the mean time Bellcour, who had cheerfully dispatched a coarse but not unfavoury dinner, and drank a few glasses of thin and ordinary wine, desired to know what they had to pay; and, as from the earnestness of his zeal to gratify his companion, and the squabble which ensued, he had totally omitted to mention the terms on which they were to dine, a (precaution absolutely necessary to be taken by every English traveller with the paltry *aubergiste* of a country town,) the conscientious landlady had the modesty to demand only nine *livres* (about seven shillings and sixpence sterling) for half a pound of cold meat, a bason of beef tea, and a bottle of wine of ten *sols*.

Mr. Grumpall, already dissatisfied with his entertainment, fell into an agony of passion at this unwarrantable extortion: he told her, as the truth was, that she would not have ventured to charge a native of France more than thirty *sols* for the whole entertainment, and he uttered innumerable imprecation and vows against complying with this extraordinary requisition.

But his hostess knew too well her own situation to abate a *denier* of her demand; as his passion heightened, her countenance appeared more composed; when he swore he would depart without paying a *sol*, she bid him find horses, for her husband was postmaster; and when he threatened to search the village for the syndic, bailly, or intendant, she coolly replied, "Vas

cher cher, bete ! mon mari est le premier officier, de la police du village ; vas essayer quelle redresse tu obtiendra de lui !"

Mr. Bellcour now threw down the nine *livres*, and hurried his companion, by this time almost inarticulate with rage, into the carriage, endeavouring to calm his turbulence by this sensible observation, that they might think themselves extremely fortunate to escape so cheaply, as the lady might have demanded eight *livres*, instead of nine, with equal impunity.

The remainder of the journey to Amiens, Mr. Grumpall was engaged in sarcastick encomiums on French honesty, and pointed animadversions on the partiality and mal-administration of their boasted police; whilst his fellow traveller satisfied himself, and offered consolation to his companion, by remarking, that, though they had been obliged, through a defect in the police, to submit to a petty invasion of their purses, yet they were indebted to the same police for the protection of their persons and properties from the terrors of attack on the road and contributions enforced by violence.

"You will allow this to be a fine and flourishing city," said Bellcour, as they entered Amiens. "I will give you my opinion of it after I have seen it," replied Grumpall. They visited the *grand place*, the convents, and the new church. "*Grand places* and convents are alike dull and gloomy in every town we have passed," cried Grumpall. "But the new church is a building of elegance, and the altarpiece of admirable workmanship," returned Bellcour. "The church, said Grumpall, is too large, and the altarpiece too small; the lamb looks as if it had been just curled and frizzled by one of these *peruquiers* that you admire."

"We have an admirable supper, however," said Bellcour, finding the table served at their return. "I had rather see an English beef steak and horse radish than this eternal succession of greasy stews and garlicky ragouts," returned Grumpall. "You despised *English* punch at Abbeville," cried Bellcour. "I despised it because it was *not* English," replied Grumpall.

Grumpall. "Let me recommend some of this duck-pie to you," said Bellcour, "Amiens is remarkable for its duck pies." "I had rather taste a Yorkshire goose pie," returned Grumpall.

They passed the *chateau* of the Duc de Fitzjames at Clermont.

"Unhappy descendant of an infatuated monarch! exclaimed Bellcour, the folly of thine original ancestor hath entailed on thee slavery and beggary!" "And on the English nation," returned Grumpall, "a funded debt and corruption." "But we are freed from the shackles of enthusiasm," said Bellcour. "We have exchanged them for the straight waistcoat of fanaticism," replied Grumpall.

They dedicated a day to Chantilly. Bellcour admired, Grumpall abused. "So magnificent!" exclaimed Bellcour. "So gloomy!" cried Grumpall. "What a superb pile of buildings the stables are!" said Bellcour. "What a huge useless structure!" returned Grumpall. "How delightful the English gardens!" said Bellcour. "How unlike what they are intended to imitate!" replied Grumpall. "How accessible the house!" observed Bellcour. "How rapacious the servants!" replied Grumpall. "I could stay here for ever!" cried Bellcour. "I had rather spend a summer at Hampton Court," muttered Grumpall.

[*English Mag.*]

## STORY of FATHER NICHOLAS.

[*Concluded from page 363.*]

"THE anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: Mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

"In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delasferre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice, which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in peo-

ple whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed; he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delasferre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I ever had met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantries around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing

I least expected in a society selected by Delaferre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

"The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of hers, a widow; who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversations, and in her I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaferre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humour. Madame de Trenville, that was the widow's name, smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house; and said with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

"At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her

uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

"The day following Delaferre recalled, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me for breaking my last night's appointment, and told of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaferre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. It was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

"We played deeper and sat later than formerly: but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaferre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I. "Do you leave Paris?" said he. "In a few days."

"Had I such motives of remaining in it as you have——" "What motives?" The attachment of such friends: But friendship is a cool word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville." I know not how he looked, but he pressed the subject no farther: Perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

"We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyment,



was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaferre, and most of the young members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

"I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and I fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaferre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

"It happened that, just at this time, a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprizing me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

"She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and profusion, I was vio-

lating my faith to her in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women; and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and her's, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaferre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and flaked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

"After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the streets were dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last, the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes.



eyes. I rose and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me—I shudder yet to tell it! to murder them as they lay, and next myself! I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat! The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell of our ruin. I rushed out of the room; and gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sunrise a stage coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any further plan; and sat, in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail; and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

“A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, happening to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul as he had done to my body, that assistance and conso-

lation he had easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to bear the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it, the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room; and, amongst others, the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn entreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more! The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her! In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed side, gave him the picture he had drawn, and with her last breath charged him, if ever he should find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here; where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my *Emelia* and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences. But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God, I have attained the consolation I wished. Already, on my waiting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light.

The

The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. It was but last night my Emelia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!"

His voice ceased; he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled: He took

my hand, I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it.

"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recall my story: If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas; be virtuous, and be happy!"

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The S C R A P I A D. No. VII.

*Singular Mode of Excommunication.*

WHEN Pope Innocent the 4th excommunicated the Emperor Frederick the 2d, he commanded the sentence to be read in all the churches throughout Christendom: A certain curate of Paris began to read the sentence, prefaced with the following address. "Hearken, my beloved, I have received command to pronounce the solemn sentence of excommunication, against the Emperor Frederick. Now, though I do not know the cause deserving it; yet I am not ignorant of the inexorable hatred between the pope and him; and am persuaded that one of them doth injure the other, but which it is I do not pretend to say. So far forth then as my power doth extend, I do excommunicate, and pronounce excommunicated, one of the two, namely him that doth injury to the other, and do absolve him who hath suffered the injury which is so hurtful to all Christendom.

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*A Receipt for making Potatoe Bread.*

TAKE 6lb of good flour; and 5lb of potatoes, boiled and freed from their skins, beat them into a pulp or pudding, and mix them smooth with the flour, and a pint of hot water; then mould it into loaves, and it will keep better, and is much preferable to bread made all of flour.

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*Account of a Wonderful Marine Monster.*

IN the 6th year of king John's raigne, at Oreford in Suffolk, a fish was taken by fishers in thyr nettes, as they were at sea, resembling in shape a wilde, or savage man, whom they

presented to Sir Bartholomew de Glanville Knt. that had then the keeping of the Castell. Naked he was, and in all his limmes and members resembling the right proportion of a man. Hee had heares also on vsual partes of his bodie, albeit that on the crowne of his heade hee was balde: His bearde was side and rugged, and his breast uerie hearie. The Knight caused him to be kept certaine dayes and nightes from the se; meate set afore him he greedily deuored; and eate fishe both rawe and sodde. Those that were rawe hee pressed in his hand tyll he had thrust out all the moysture, and so then he did eate them. He woulde not or could not utter any speeche, although to trye him they hung him up by the heeles and miserably tormented him. Hee would get him to his couche at the setting of the sunne, and rise agayne when it rose.

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*On Vocal Musick.*

EVERY stroke of vocal art, joined with instrumental cunning, is vainly employed to seize the soul, if judgment is not ready to join the flexible voice through all its intonations, and to guide the labouring hand in all its tuneful movements. From Dryden's very poetical Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, a striking picture might be formed to prove the force of sound, by the effect which it had on the savage race. When Musick is guided by the hand of a master, all the passions are under its control. Musick can soothe and soften, exhilarate and inflame; it can make cowards valiant and strike the most formidable heroes with a panick;

panick : Musick can drive away delight from mirthful scenes, give dimples to the cheek of sorrow, and make the most gloomy face attractive.

*Anecdote of Joseph, the late Emperor.*

WHEN prince Pecolomini, resided at Venice, he was very fond of drawing a phaeton and four furiously about the city ; and coming near the guard the latter turned out his men to salute the prince. A puddle of water happened to be just before the officer, who was at the head of the guard, and had on a new suit of white regimentals. The prince drove, however, with such rapidity that the officer's clothes were covered with mud ; he called out therefore to the prince to move more cautiously, who

upon that held on his horses, and at the same time whipped them so as to increase the dirty insult. The officer now losing all temper got upon the wheel, pulled the prince out, and caned him soundly ; but upon cool reflexion of what he had done, and fearing the displeasure of the emperor, he waited upon the latter, and stating the provocation, begged leave to oblige, that his clothes were new, his pay small, and the provocation great, and therefore entreated his imperial majesty to forgive him.

Joseph, like an emperor, took the officer by the arm, and said, my good soldier you are under a mistake, it was not the prince you caned, but the *Coachman*, and dismissed him with the utmost good humour.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A SENTIMENTAL PICTURE.

HE has gone and left he, cried Delia, as she sat under an oak, and I know not where ; he has left me to weep, and languish out my life in misery. Oh that I knew where to find his grave, there would I lay me down, and expire upon the humble sod. Alas ! perhaps he was denied the common rites of burial—he may have been mangled to death by a merciless banditti, who had rather leave his body above the ground to be devoured by voracious animals, than to wrap it in a covering, and suffer it to moulder in the silent tomb !

For whom art thou mourning, pretty maid ? said a stranger, who had been gazing, undiscovered, at the weeping fair, during her plaintive soliloquy.

My dear Armine, announced she, starting with surprise ; he was taken by the Indians in the late war, and I have not heard from him since. He was all friendship—we both loved—here is a token of his affection, (pulling a beautiful miniature from her bosom, and tenderly kissing it) here is a pledge of the sincerity of his heart ; it shall be buried with me in the same grave.

Here she paused—her tears prevented utterance—her tumultuous pas-

sions and tender feelings, were too poignant to admit the power of speech. Her body was enfeebled, and her senses, at times, were somewhat impaired. After a few moments interval, she again proceeded :

My dear Armine and I had but one heart, we contracted an intimacy in our childhood, and it did not fail to increase as we grew up to years of discretion. My papa disapproved of our connection, because Armine was poor. We parted, but our attachment was too great to suffer a total separation. We resolved to endure poverty, that we might be happy, rather chusing to live amid the difficulties of a tempestuous world, and enjoy the sweets of contented minds, than to roll in affluence, and eat the bread of affliction. But heaven has taken him away, and I am left alone to perish ; my vindictive father will not receive me—the cold earth is my bed—and the canopy of the sky my covering. I long to be going, I wish I was with him, and then—

Ah pitiful maid ! interrupted the compassionate stranger, with some emotion—would the sight of thine Armine make thee happy ?

Yes, cried she, sighing, it would—because he loved me, he told me so ;  
he



he was incapable of deceiving me. But alas ! he is dead, or I should have heard from him before now. Since the fates have decreed the unavoidable misfortune, and since it is the will of providence to cut us off in the midst of our youthful days, I must acquiesce, and say, *the will of the Lord be done.*—Nevertheless, the few moments I have to live, shall be devoted in shedding tears of sorrowful friendship, and in wreathing a tablet of flowers, which may ere long be placed upon the urn that contains the precious dust of Armine !

"*The stranger stood confess'd*"—he claspt her in his arms, and thus exclaimed, I am thine Armine, who was lost, but now lives to hush the

rising sighs of his lovely Delia. Pardon my silence, I little thought of finding thee under an humble oak, clad in the robes of despair. Forgive me heaven ! I live to make my Delia happy.

The bosom is pained at the view of this tender scene. It is enough to remark, that the instantaneous shock, the sudden transition from a state of melancholy woe to the most exalted joy, and the powerful conflict of contending passions, rushing like an impetuous torrent through the soul, subdued every faculty—they fainted in each others arms, but they recovered, they are happy !

PUNCTILIO.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The G O L D E N A G E.

"This is the golden age--all worship gold,

"Honours are purchas'd--love and beauty sold."

A GOLDEN age indeed ! the very morning of Millenium ! when the world hardly affords an element to real, humble merit ; when a man's character and respectability are almost invariably measured by the exact extent of his finances. By this I do not mean to contrast ancient with modern times ; for verily do I believe that ever since the rights of exclusive property were first known and established, there have been as many, yea more real supplicants at the altar of *mammon*, than at the throne of their *God*. How many thousands are daily stooping at the foot of this altar, whose knees were never bent in the form of devotion, but when forced down by a load of sanctimonious hypocrisy. Through all the religious schisms and contentions that have happened since the apostacy of the *Jews*, that *idol* of the passions, called *mammon*, has stood unmoved, the standard of almost universal adoration. The Atheist the Pagan, and every sectary in religion, have gained their proselytes, but few indeed have apostatized from this splendid species of *idolatry*. This love of gold is the very last passion we abandon while fitting ourselves for an happy futurity.

What were the dreadful emotions of the young disciple, when he heard this awful sentence pronounced, "give all thou hast to the poor ?" Moses was not more shocked when the thunder burst from heaven and rock'd the summits of *Sinai* ; no, had he heard the dread sentence of the damned pronounced, he could not have departed in greater agonies of despair. Eternal salvation he thought would be dearly purchased at the enormous disproportionate price of his great possessions. Indeed, were the whole duty of man resolved into this one charitable mandate of our *Lord*, would it not be rejected and cast among the useless rubbish of gentile austerity.

In the opinion of the world, wealth is the most essential ingredient in the composition of a great character ; and merit is a stone which the builders reject, though not yet become the head of the corner. There now seems to be little other difference in persons, than what is formed by the different sums of their property. Honesty and poverty must now trudge in the dreary walks of ignominy ; while vice in the car of affluence rides triumphant over the world. Poverty

is

is a mark deemed as detestable as was that which was placed on *Cain* to proclaim him an outcast from the human race. Many an honest *Lazarus*, is now forced to crouch beneath the feet of an haughty imperious wretch of a *Dives*. A *Lazarus* too, the latchet of whose shoes, the vile marble hearted miser is not in truth worthy to unloose. Nor does this *auri sacra fames*, exist only in the mansions of the great.

Palaces indeed are its fittest abode, for avarice delights to feed on the crowded coffers of kings. The loose emaciated purse of the cottager is but a nauseous morsel to this hungry lustful passion; yet sometimes does it gain an abode under the mouldering roof of the peasant, and can even find materials on which to feed in the soft dove like bosom of the fair. When once it fixes in this luxuriant soil, its poisonous influence soon blasts and withers every amiable quality of the heart. For as well might the lion dwell in peace with the lamb, as avarice live in harmony with a single virtue. Love and beauty, which from the features of celestials were first copied, are by this fell Demon of the mind bartered for the vile food of moth and rust. The gilded apple that stopped the fleeting *Atalanta*, in her course, has allured to wretchedness thousands of our fairest daughters. How often do we see the sprightly maid with all the charms of youth about her, joined at the altar of *Hymen* to the haggard skeleton of a man, in whose bosom there never lived a virtue—profanation indeed! Are these the happy matches which heaven ordain? Does she at this sacred altar present her heart and affections to an object worthy of their possession? no, her heart was long since imprisoned with his gold, within the dreary confines of his chest. In

penance for folly there may it remain imprisoned and obscured, till some friendly genius shall burst its prison and let it loose to a better world.

How degrading, how mortifying a consideration, that this senseless bul- lion is by almost the whole race of mankind deemed the very touchstone of respectability? It is easier to purchase the plaudits of thousands, than by real merit to win the entire esteem of a single being. Disinterested benevolence is more rare than the phenix. Affluence, like the brilliant planet, leads friendship, honours, and dignities, as satellites in its train. In the cabinets of nations we do not always see personages eminent for their intrinsic good qualities, but respected, revered, I might almost say worshipped, for the splendour of their possessions. Offices and distinctions have all had their prices; not the price of blood spilt in the service of their country! No, to the shame of ages be it spoken, the price of riches, perhaps fevered and amassed from the scanty pittance of unambitious unsuspecting honesty. With the coffers of *Cresus* methinks one might purchase the fealty of half a nation. I doubt not but he might reduce the most hardy bigoted republican to be the mere vassal of his will. Are there not potentates on earth, whose favour might be more easily gained by a splendid bribe, than by the supplications of poverty, though signed by the very finger of virtue. Are there not priests and bishops who would proudly refuse a blessing to righteousness in rags, yet would grant absolution to murder and assassination, if clothed in the glittering apparel of affluence? Yes! and 'tis not hyberbolic to declare, that a king, a minister, and an insect, without the usual brilliant appendages of state, are in the opinion of the world alike respected. B.

## STRICTURES on a YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Both bodies in a single body mix,  
A single body with a double sex.

**N**OTHING appears more becoming the soft and captivating qualities of the fair sex than an inviolable

decency in whatever regards the minutest article of dress. The beauty which shines independent of embellishment

lishment or art, is an object of universal admiration and love. The charms of a country girl, unaided by the meretricious associations of folly and fashion, especially when her shape, her features, and her complexion discover no tincture of deformity and vulgarity, are irresistible.

The real temper of a young woman's mind is in nothing so fully and literally portrayed, or so unequivocally marked, as by her taste in disposing, or attention to, personal decoration. True modesty may receive as gross an injury from the garb as from the gait of an harlot. The look, the gesture, and the dress, will always correspond. She whose intentions are uniformly innocent, will not, in any station, on any occasion, or from any motives whatever, be readily distinguished for giddiness, gaiety, or extravagance, in any part of her behaviour. It is your light, fantastic fools, who have neither heads nor hearts, in both sexes, who, by dressing their bodies out of all shape, render themselves ridiculous and contemptible. These are they who affect to take a lead in whatever is most opposite to decency and nature; who prefer the most preposterous innovations, and sedulously inflame and pamper the passions of others, as well as their own, by a constant adoption of every thing newest or most in *ton*.

But what are these modes in which the worthless of the sex are so proud to place their distinction? Are they not the laborious invention of idleness and luxury, and regularly imported from a people whose profligacy, dissoluteness, and caprice, are proverbial? Are they not calculated to deprive society of decency, and the sex of purity; to invite the prying eye of wanton curiosity; to bring certain ridicule and infamy on every vestige of female honour; and to render lewdness of the grossest kind an avowed object of traffic?

A desire to excel by such unhallowed means as these, can originate only in the loosest inclinations: and wretched is that woman's condition, who depends for admiration, regard, or attachment, on the form, the colour, the quality, or the fashion of her clothes.

In former times, dress was deemed one of the most palpable distinctions in rank. Ladies then took their precedencies, and understood their respective stations, by what they wore, and their manner of wearing it. This ancient and easy mode of discrimination is no longer known in society. The very servant not only apes but rivals her mistress in every species of whim and extravagance. All sorts of people are consequently confounded or melted down into one glaring mass of absurdity or superfluity. The lower orders are intirely lost in a general propensity to mimic the finery of the higher; and every woman we meet would seem by her gesture and apparel to possess at least an independent fortune: and no difference at all in this respect is left to tell the mere spectator, whether her circumstances be narrow or affluent.

Proportion, therefore, ye parents, the dress of your daughters to their situations in life. Every approach to excess in this article must be followed with the worst effects. It is a deception easily detected, and will never be forgiven. An appearance of wealth cannot be supported on nothing; and the shifts to which it is sometimes a temptation, are not always the most reputable.

Now is an inordinate love of dress a very promising scheme for obtaining the most respectable matrimonial connections. Young men are now too wary to be thus duped. Though it were certain to succeed, who could wish those dear to them to commence so serious an enterprise, by means thus subtle and crafty?

It is dangerous to tamper with truth or decency in any case. Candour, simplicity, and fair dealing, never subject to the least risque, are always safe, and always honourable.

The following description of the toilet, from Pope, exposes the labour and refinement of this prominent but pernicious foible:

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystick order laid.  
First, robb'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetick powers.  
A heavenly image in the glass appears;  
To that the bends, to that her eyes she rears:

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The inferior Priestess, at her altar's side  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and  
here

The various offerings of the world appear :  
From each the newly culls with curious toil,  
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring  
spoil.

This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the  
white :

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;

The fair each moment rises in her charms ;  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy Sylphs surround their darling  
care ;

These set the head, and those divide the  
hair ;

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the  
gown ;

And Molly's prais'd for labour not her own.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## On the IMPORTANCE and PROFITS of AGRICULTURE.

By a FARMER in the County of PLYMOUTH.

" In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
" The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :  
" And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes  
" Art but the beings of a summer's day,  
" Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
" Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,  
" Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
" The plough, and greatly independent liv'd."

THAT agriculture is the fundamental source of riches, as well as of publick and private happiness, in every country, is a sentiment firmly established by the best moral and political authors, and now generally understood. All the fine writers have bestowed on the profession and practice of husbandry, the highest eulogiums. Poets, in all ages and countries, have taken from rural life and rural scenes, their finest and most perfect descriptive images. Thomson, in his *Seasons*, and Mr. Jefferson in his *Notes on Virginia*, furnish beautiful instances of the two last observations. The last says, "those who labour in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people ; whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth. Corruption of morals, in the mass of cultivators, is a phenomenon, of which no age nor nation has furnished an example : It is the mark set on those, who not looking up to Heaven, to their own soil and industry, as do the husbandmen for their subsistence, depend for

*Vol. II. July, 1790.*

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it on the casualties and caprice of customers. Dependance begets subservience and venality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition. This, the natural progress and consequence of the arts, has sometimes perhaps been retarded by accidental circumstances ; but, generally speaking, the proportion which the aggregate of the other classes of citizens bears, in any state, to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts ; and is a good enough barometer whereby to measure its degree of corruption. While we have hands to labour then, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at a work bench or twirling a distaff." This is the language of philosophy and truth, the sentiments are just, the manner of expressing them is pleasing, but yet they make no practical impression. In a country like this, where improvement rewards industry, and is itself rewarded with profits equal to those made in any country, it is important to enquire, and to investigate the causes, why husbandry is yet in such a languid state ; because when the source of the evil is discovered, a great advance is made in removing

moving it. Pride, prejudice, and wrong calculations, have undoubtedly been the principal causes of this evil; the pride of birth, of education, or of some particular profession, has turned many a man's head to make him think himself a gentleman, superior to the cultivation of his grounds. This silly pride has been nursed up by parents, and countenanced by companions, until every little trafficker, quack or pettifogger, supposed it a disgrace to be a farmer. Ridiculous as this species of pride may now appear, it has had its day and its influence, and might probably have lasted much longer, if it had not been succeeded by another species more infamous in its source, and equally fatal to husbandry, I mean the pride of possessing money. When the objects of pursuit are changed, the principles of mankind vary with them; thus when the acquisition of money absorbs every other passion, rapine and plunder destroy every other principle. The first kind of pride was too contemptible to be argued with; the last is too serious to be ridiculed; and when virtue and integrity have no weight, the argument can only be combated by shewing that the practice of husbandry is equally profitable with the practice of usury and oppression, which is a task I would not undertake; nor do I wish to compare the fairest, with the most infamous business on earth. I will therefore leave this matter to the operation of those calculations, with which I intend to combat the wrong estimates of, and the consequent prejudices against, the practice of husbandry, which have prevailed; and if proper allowances should be made for the risk and anxiety of the one, and a fair comparison made with the safety and tranquillity of the other, they may have some influence.

The calculations that have been made on the profits of husbandry, have been founded on the success of the most slovenly and indolent practice that has so long obtained in this country; and because lands, half ploughed and half cultivated, till exhausted of their native fertility, will not yield a profit without manure

or attention of any kind, the inference has been that the business is unprofitable and contemptible: Until deep rooted prejudice has left the practice of husbandry generally in the very worst hands, without stock, without knowledge, and without attention; while those who have money, information and industry, turn them into other channels—to trade, to manufactures, and letting out their money, merely because they think a greater advantage may be derived from them.

The wisest men have considered four per cent. from lands preferable to six per cent. from money at interest; I suppose on account of the certainty of the one and the hazard of the other; and the same maxim will apply to manufactures, and commerce. Now if the tables should be turned, and it should be shewn that the profits of lands properly managed will yield certainly six per cent. and in most instances much more, surely every wise man will immediately vest his property in lands, and pursue the improvement of them; in order to do this I will state the following calculation, made in the fairest manner and upon the most unexceptionable data.

I take an acre of land, then, not of the best or the worst, but such as, if lying in clover the preceding year, will, with seven large loads of dung, produce thirty bushels of Indian corn to an acre, the first year; and the next, with a like quantity of manure, produce one hundred and fifty bushels potatoes; after that, the next year, thirty bushels barley, and then three tons clover in the two succeeding years; then go the same round again in rotation forever: This I call middling land and no more.

As I intend to support this calculation against objections and prejudice, I have taken Indian corn for the first crop, not because it is the most profitable one, but because it is more congenial to the common practice of the country; for the same reason I have taken potatoes for the next. The clover has been calculated in hay, when it would be easy to shew much greater advantages to be derived from it in other ways.

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I only premise, that residing not far distant from the sea coast, I have estimated the price of the produce at the rate they would sell for; if they do not sell for so much in the distant and back countries, their lands are more productive, the wages and support of labourers are not so expensive; which are advantages more than sufficient to ballance any defect in the price of produce.

30 bush. Ind. corn, 3s. is	£.4 10 0	
Ploughing the land, 0	9 0	
7 loads of dung, 5s. 1	15 0	
Planting & hoeing, 0	15 0	
	<u>2 19 0</u>	
		1 11 0

The fodder, from the corn, will amount to more than all the other labour.

150 bush. potatoes, 13d.	£.8 2 6	
Ploughing & dung, 2	4 0	
Seed, 0	5 0	
Planting & hoeing, 0	15 0	
Pulling, 0	15 0	
	<u>3 19 0</u>	
		4 3 6

30 bushels barley, 3s.	£.4 10 0	
Plowing, 0	9 0	
Seed & threshing 9s 0	15 0	
Sib. clover seed, 0	6 0	
	<u>1 10 0</u>	
		3 0 0

The straw of the above article will pay for cutting, &c.

2 tons clover, the first year, at 40s.	} £.4 0 0	
1 do. do. the second year, 2 0 0		
		<u>6 0 0</u>

Five years profit,	14 14 6
Five years, at £.2 18 11, is	14 14 7

Here then is a profit of £2 18 11, independant of all expenses, except taxes and fencing. When a piece of ground is once well fenced, a small expense keeps it in repair; and, with regard to taxes, I hope there never will be an occasion for raising more than one hundred and fifty thousands pounds per annum from the lands in this state; and it is easy to shew that six pence an acre on only the cultivated lands, if fairly laid and honestly collected, would do that. But allowing that taxes (from false returns and the juggles of valuation) should be more considerable, and that the expense of fencing should be still more expensive than taxes, it should be considered that the calculation is made to a disadvantage. If the labour done

on the farm was by the month, and the labourers fed at home, there would be a great deduction from the expense, and consequently more added to the neat annual profit. We may therefore when we apply this estimate to the cultivation of a farm, fairly estimate the neat profit of an acre in tillage at nearly three pounds per annum. Now then let us take a fair view of the whole matter; and, if you please, a comparative view of the profits of a farm of such land as the above acre is stated to be, with the profits of other things; say money at fair interest, which is steady, while those of commerce and manufactures are fluctuating.

There are thousands of acres of such lands, with necessary buildings upon them, to be purchased in this state for six pounds per acre, and less too: But I will, for the sake of avoiding cavils, estimate them at ten pounds per acre. A farm then of one hundred and fifty acres will stand as below.

150 Acres, at £10	£1500 0 0
Stock and husbandry tools	100 0 0
	<u>£1600 0 0</u>

Suppose then, which certainly should be the case, that one third should be in tillage, estimating clover such, and thirty acres in permanent mowing land, the rest in pasture; which, with the after feed, will keep a team and horse for the farm, six cows, forty sheep, raise five calves in a year, and by that means may be killed off five grown cattle; let us see how the account will stand,

50 acres tillage, at 60s.	150 0 0
To this should be added the plowing and the manure before deducted, because the first is done by the team purchased and supported by the farm, and the other is made on the farm and at its expense.	
30 acres land, ploughed, at 9s.	13 10 0
140 loads dung, at 5s.	35 0 0
Six cows in a dairy, for butter and cheese.	
600lb. butter, at 8d.	20 0 0
360lb. cheese, at 4d.	6 0 0
100lb. sheeps wool, 1s. 6d.	7 10 0
30 fat sheep, sold at 15s.	22 10 0
5 beef cattle, at 5l.	25 0 0
Hogs and poultry, deducting corn,	9 10 0
5 loads hay may be sold,	10 0 0
	<u>£.299 0 0</u>

EXPENSES.



EXPENSES, to be deducted	£.299	0	0
from the sum of			
25 loads of clover hay, £.50	0	0	
100 bushels potatoes, 13d.	5	8	4
Labour, extra,	29	0	0
Taxes, fences and repairs, 15	0	0	
	99	8	4
Net profit,	199	11	8

Which is more than 12 per cent. and every thing moderately estimated. I submit the above calculation (which I have full confidence will bear the severest scrutiny) to the consideration of gentlemen who are able to purchase and improve lands, with this single observation, that if they are not satisfied with the profits there stated, husbandry must still languish, and that source of wealth and happiness be still neglected. After all I expect (because I have had large experience of it) that the old prejudices against husbandry will suggest objections that may influence without examination; it may be said that a hundred and fifty acres are seldom found of the same quality. That is very true, but the probability is equally strong that an equal proportion of it will be better than what is stated in the calculation, with what is not so good; and besides, the original price will be less, and the proportion of profit as great to that original price as what has been stated. It may be said that experience does not verify the result of my reasonings and calculations; that may be true, but the

inferences against them very unfair, because I do not calculate on the present practice, which I say is totally wrong and ill managed. Upon the whole, it is not fair to compare a business well conducted, with one that is not; put them on the same footing of management and then take the result. Let a merchant send his ships to sea, ill furnished and without freight, and the manufacturer employ idle servants and bad materials, and not enough of them; let the tradesman work without tools, or let the shopkeeper be deficient in stock and inattentive to his shop, and see if experience will not decide as strongly against their business as it does now against husbandry; if it does, condemn them all in a lump, but let each have fair play.

Fond as I am of husbandry, I do not wish to encourage the practice of it on wrong principles, or unfair calculations. I think I have not done either. I have considered the subject thoroughly, and am fully convinced that my principles and calculations are right. I may however have committed some mistakes, (not fatal to the general conclusion) and will be ready to acknowledge them when shewn. In the mean time, if this feeble essay should bring into view, and fair examination, an important subject, too much neglected, I shall be pleased with an event I ardently wish for.

## CRITICISM on MUSICK.

LETTER from Dr. B. FRANKLIN, to Mr. P. FRANKLIN, at NEWPORT.

DEAR BROTHER,

I LIKE your ballad very well, and I think it well adapted for your purpose of discouraging expensive foppery, and encouraging industry and frugality. If you can get it generally sung in your country, it may probably have a good deal of the effect you hope and expect from it. But as you aimed at making it general, I wonder you chose so uncommon a measure in poetry, that none of the tunes in common use will suit it. Had you fitted it to an old one, well known, it

must have spread much faster than I doubt it will do from the best new tune we can get composed for it. I think too, that if you had given it to some country girl in the heart of Massachusetts, who has never heard any other than psalm tunes or *Chey Chace*, the *Children in the Wood*, the *Spanish Lady*, and such old simple ditties, but has naturally a good ear, she might more probably have made a pleasing popular tune for you, than any of our masters here, and more proper

proper for your purpose, which would best be answered, if every word as it is sung be understood by all that hear it, and if the emphasis you intend for particular words could be given by the finger as well as by the reader; much of the force and impression of the song depending on those circumstances. I will however get it as well done for you as I can.

Do not imagine that I mean to depreciate the skill of our composers of musick here; they are admirable at pleasing *practised* ears, and know how to delight *one another*; but in composing for songs the reigning taste seems to be quite out of nature, or rather the reverse of nature, and yet like a torrent, hurries them all away with it; one or two perhaps only excepted.

You, in the spirit of some ancient legislators, would influence the manners of your country by the united powers of poetry and musick. By what I can learn of their *songs*, the musick was simple, conformed itself to the usual pronunciation of words, as to measure, cadence, or emphasis, &c. never disguised, or confounded the language by making a long syllable short, or a short one long, when sung; their singing was only a more pleasing, because a melodious manner of speaking; it was capable of all the graces of prose oratory, while it added the pleasure of harmony.

For the wrong placing of the accent, or emphasis, see it on the word *their*, instead of being on the word *vain*;



Also, on the word *from*, and the wrong syllable *like*.



For the drawling, see the words *nor* and *beal*, and the last syllable of the word *wounded*:

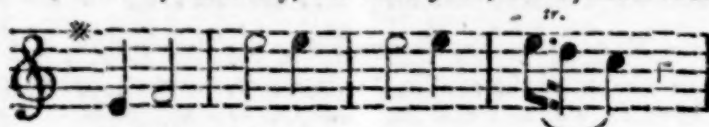


Also,

A modern song on the contrary, neglects all the proprieties and beauties of common speech, and in their place introduces its *defects* and *absurdities* as so many graces. I am afraid you will hardly take my word for this, and therefore I must endeavour to support it by proof. Here is the first song I lay my hand on. It happens to be a composition of one of our greatest masters, the ever famous *Handel*. It is not one of his juvenile performances, before his taste could be formed and improved. It appeared when his reputation was at the highest, is greatly admired by all his admirers, and is really excellent in its kind. It is called, the *additional Favourite Song*, in *Judas Maccabeus*. Now I reckon among the defects and improprieties of common speech, the following, viz.

1. Wrong placing the accent, or emphasis; by laying it on words of no importance, or on wrong syllables.
2. Drawling; or extending the sound of words, or syllables beyond their natural length.
3. Stuttering; or making many syllables of one.
4. Unintelligibleness; the result of the three foregoing united.
5. Tautology; and,
6. Screaming, without cause.

Also, in the syllable *wis*, the word *from*, and syllable *bove*.



Godlike wisdom from a - - - bove.

For the stuttering, see the words *ne'er* and *relieve*.



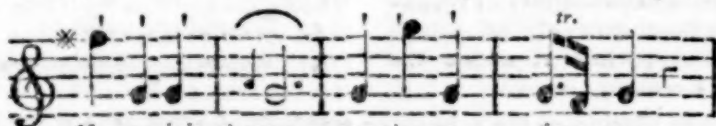
Ma - gick charms can ne'er re - - lieve you.

Here are four syllables made of one, and eight of three, but this is moderate. I have seen in another song that I cannot now find, seventeen syllables made of three, and sixteen of one; the latter I remember was the word charms; viz. Cha, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, arms—stammering with a witness!

For the unintelligibleness; give this whole song to any taught finger, and let her sing it to any company that have never heard it before; and you will find that they will not understand three words in ten. It is therefore that at the oratorios and operas, one sees with books in their hands all those who desire to understand what they hear sung by even our best performers.

For the tautology, you have, with their vain mysterious art, twice repeated; magick charms can ne'er relieve you, three times. Nor can heal the wounded heart, three times; godlike wisdom from above, twice; and this alone can ne'er deceive you, two or three times. But this is reasonable when compared with the monster Polypeme, the monster Polypheme, a hundred times over, and over, in his admired Acis and Galatea.

As to the *screaming*; perhaps I cannot find a fair instance in this song, but whoever has frequented our operas will remember many. And yet here methinks the words *no* and *e'er*, when sung to the notes, have a little of the air of *screaming*, and would actually be screamed by some singers.



No magick charms can e'er re - - lieve you.

I send you enclosed the song with its musick. Read the words without the repetitions. Observe how few they are, and what a shower of notes attend them. You will then perhaps be inclined to think with me, that though the words might be the principal part of an ancient song, they are of small importance in a modern one; they are in short only a *pretence for singing*.

I might have mentioned *inarticulation* among the defects of common speech that are assumed as beauties in modern singing; but as that seemed more the fault of the singer than of the composer, I omitted it in what related merely to the composition.

The fine finger, in the present mode, stifles all the hard consonants and polishes away all the rougher parts of words that serve to distinguish them one from another; so that you hear nothing but an admirable pipe, and understand no more of the song than you would from its tune played on any other instrument. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make instruments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition is now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus wigs were first made to imitate a good natural head of hair; but when they became fashionable, tho' in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs.

DESCRIPTION



## DESCRIPTION of the MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

[By THOMAS HUTCHINS, Esq; Geographer to the United States of America.]

THE great length and uncommon depth of this river, and the excessive muddiness and salubrious quality of its waters, after its junction with the Missouri, are very singular\*. The direction of the channel is so crooked, that from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance which does not exceed 460 miles in a straight line, is about 856 by water. It may be shortened at least 250 miles, by cutting across eight or ten necks of land, some of which are not thirty yards wide.—Charlevoix relates that in the year 1722, at Point Coupee, (or Cut Point,) the river made a great turn, and some Canadians, by deepening the channel of a small brook, diverted the waters of the river into it. The impetuosity of the stream was so violent and the soil of so rich and loose a quality, that in a short time the point was entirely cut through, and travellers saved 14 leagues of their voyage. The old bed has no water in it, the times of the periodical overflowings only excepted. The new channel has been since sounded with a line of thirty fathoms, without finding bottom,

In the spring floods the Mississippi is very high, and the current so strong that with difficulty it can be ascended; but that disadvantage is compensated by eddies or counter currents, which always run in the bends close to the banks of the river with nearly equal velocity against the stream, and assist the ascending boats. The current at this season descends at the rate of about five miles an hour. In autumn, when the waters are low, it does not run faster than two miles; but it is rapid in such parts of the river, as have clusters of islands, shoals and sand banks. The circumference of many of these shoals being several miles, the voyage is longer, and in some parts more dangerous, than in the spring.—The merchandize necessary for the

commerce of the upper settlements on or near the Mississippi, is conveyed in the spring and autumn in batteaux, rowed by 18 or 20 men, and carrying about 40 tons. From New Orleans to the Illinois, the voyage is commonly performed in eight or ten weeks.—A prodigious number of islands, some of which are of great extent, intersperse this mighty river. Its depth increases as you ascend it. Its waters, after overflowing its banks below the river Ibberville, never return within them again: These singularities distinguish it from every other river in the known world.—Below New Orleans the land begins to be very low on both sides of the river across the country, and gradually declines as it approaches nearer to the sea. This point of land which, in the treaty of peace in 1762, is mistaken for an island, is to all appearance of no long date; for digging ever so little below the surface, you find water and great quantities of trees. The many beaches and breakers, as well as inlets, which arose out of the channel within the last half century, at the several mouths of the river, are convincing proofs that this peninsula was wholly formed in the same manner. And it is certain that when La Salle sailed down the Mississippi to the sea, the opening of that river was very different from what it is at present.

The nearer you approach to the sea, this truth becomes more striking. The bars that cross most of these small channels opened by the current, have been multiplied by means of the trees carried down with the streams; one of which stopped by its roots or branches, in a shallow part, is sufficient to obstruct the passage of thousands more, and to fix them at the same place.—Such collections of trees are daily seen between the Balize and the Missouri, which singly would supply the largest city in Europe with fuel for several

\* In a half pint tumbler of this water, has been found a sediment of two inches of slime. It is, notwithstanding, extremely wholesome and well tasted, and very cool in the hottest seasons of the year; the rowers who are then employed, drink of it when they are in the strongest perspiration, and never receive any bad effects from it. The inhabitants of New Orleans use no other water than that of the river, which by keeping in jars becomes perfectly clear.

several years. No human force being sufficient for removing them, the mud carried down by the river serves to bind and cement them together. They are gradually covered, and every inundation not only extends their length and breadth, but adds another layer to their height.—In less than ten years time, canes and shrubs grow on them, and form points and islands, which forcibly shift the bed of the river.

Nothing can be asserted, with certainty, respecting its length. Its source is not known, but supposed to be upwards of 3000 miles from the sea as the river runs. We only know, that from St. Anthony's fall, it glides with a pleasant clear stream, and becomes comparatively narrow before its junction with the Missouri, the muddy waters of which immediately discolour the lower part of the river to the sea.—Its rapidity, breadth, and other peculiarities then begin to give it the majestick appearance of Missouri; which affords a more extensive navigation, and is a longer, broader, and deeper river than the Mississippi. It has been ascended, by French traders, above twelve or thirteen hundred miles! and, from the the depth of water, and breadth of the river at that distance, it appeared to be navigable many miles further.

From the Missouri river to nearly opposite the Ohio, the western bank of the Mississippi is (some few places excepted) higher than the eastern. From Mine au fer to the Iberville, the eastern bank is higher than the western, on which there is not a single discernable rising or eminence, the distance of 750 miles. From the Iberville to the sea, there are no eminences on either side, though the eastern bank appears rather the higher of the two, as far as the English turn. Thence the banks gradually diminish in height to the mouths of the river, where they are not two or three feet higher than the common surface of the water.

The slime which the annual floods of the river Mississippi leave on the surface of the adjacent shores, may be compared with that of the Nile, which deposits a similar manure, and for many centuries past, has insured the fer-

tility of Egypt. When its banks shall have been cultivated as the excellency of its soil and temperature of the climate deserve, its population will equal that of any other part of the world. The trade, wealth, and power of America will, at some future period, depend and perhaps centre upon the Mississippi.—This also resembles the Nile in the number of its mouths, all issuing into a sea, that may be compared to the Mediterranean, which is bounded on north and south by the two continents of Europe and Africa, as the Mexican bay is by North and South America.—The smaller mouths of this river might be easily stopped up, by means of those floating trees with which the river, during the flood, is always covered. The whole force of the channel being united, the only opening then left, would probably grow deep, as well as the bar.

An objection has been often made by misinformed men, otherwise of great abilities, who too credulously believed that the navigation of the Mississippi river, on account of its rapid current, was more difficult than it is in reality. It appears, from the calculation made by several skilful and experienced travellers, that in the autumn, when the waters are low, the current descends at the rate of about one and a half or two miles in an hour; and that the waters are in this state more than one half of the year. In the spring, when the freshes are up, or at their greatest height, the current runs at the rate of five or six miles. It is true, that the navigation would be difficult at that season, to those who sail or row up against the stream; but there is no example of such folly. When the waters of this river are high the commodities and produce of the interior country are gathered and prepared for exportation with the descending current; and, when the waters are low, the produce of the interior country is growing to maturity. This is the time for the navigator's importation. Great advantages are likewise taken then from eddy currents.—At present, there are few builders skilful enough to construct vessels better calculated for that navigation,

gation, than those already mentioned. Time and experience will doubtless produce improvements, and render the navigation of this river nearly as cheap as any other.—But that the Mississippi can answer every purpose of trade and commerce, is proved to a demonstration, by the rapid progress the French, German, and Acadian inhabitants on that river, have made. They have attained a state of opulence never before so soon acquired in any new country; and this was effected under all the discouragements of an indolent and rapacious government. It may be further asserted, that no country in North America, or perhaps in the universe, exceeds the neighbourhood of the Mississippi in fertility of soil and temperature of climate. Both sides of this river are truly remarkable for the very great diversity and luxuriance of their productions. They might probably be brought, from the favourableness of the climate, to produce two annual crops of Indian corn, as well as rice; and with little cultivation would furnish grain of every kind in the greatest abundance.—But this value is not confined to the fertility and immensity of champaign lands; their timber is as fine as any in the world, and the quantities of live and other oak, ash, mulberry, walnut, cherry, cypress, and cedar, are astonishing.—The neighbourhood of the Mississippi, besides, furnishes the richest fruits in great variety; particularly grapes, oranges, and lemons in the highest perfection. It produces silk, cotton, saffraas, saffron, and rhubarb; is peculiarly adapted for hemp and flax, and in goodness of tobacco equals

the Brazils; and indigo is at this time a staple commodity, which commonly yields the planter from three to four cuttings. In a word, whatever is rich or rare in the most desirable climates in Europe, seems natural to such a degree on the Mississippi; that France, though she sent few or no emigrants into Louisiana but decayed soldiers, or persons in indigent circumstances, (and these very poorly supplied with the implements of husbandry) soon began to dread a rival in her colony, particularly in the cultivation of vines, from which she prohibited the colonists under a very heavy penalty; yet soil and situation triumphed over all political restraints, and the adventurers at the end of the war in 1762, were very little inferior to the most ancient settlements of America in all the modern refinements of luxury.

The Mississippi furnishes in great plenty several sorts of fish; particularly perch, pike, sturgeon, eel, and cats of a monstrous size. Crawfish abound in this country; they are in every part of the earth, and when the inhabitants chuse a dish of them they send to their gardens where they have a small pond dug for that purpose, and are sure of getting as many as they have occasion for. A dish of shrimps is as easily procured: by hanging a small canvas bag with a bit of meat in it to the bank of the river, and letting it drop a little below the surface of the water, in a few hours a sufficient quantity will have got into the bag. Shrimps are found in the Mississippi as far as the Natchez, 348 miles from the sea.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The D R E A M E R. No. XIV.

**T**HERE is such a fascination attendant upon every office, to which a man may possibly be elected, that I really believe the appointment of Scavenger, would be agreeable to some individuals; and feed human vanity with the expectance of rising thereby to another and more important grade. A most extraordinary application for admission at our board,

Vol. II. July, 1700.

J. D

warrants the above assertion; since the gentleman appears to be totally unfit for any other post, than that of an useless Dreamer. His modest proposal is contained in the following letter, accompanied by a Journal, *perhaps of his life*.

DEAR SIR,

IF any vacancy offers, I should be happy to become a member. The merits



merits that I actually possess are fully elucidated by an exact copy of my Journal, which develops the profoundest attention to imperceptible minutiae; and of consequence, objects of the greatest magnitude must be familiar.

*Correct Copy of a JOURNAL, kept by SIMON INSIGNIFICANT, passenger on board the Fly Packet, from Boston to Portland.*

*July 15th.* Came on board at twenty minutes past eight, A. M. cleared the light house in two hours sail. A large swell from the eastward. Asked the skipper every ten minutes, what he thought? He appears very furly. *Memo.* If we are to be drowned, will know it beforehand, if questions can worm the secret out.

*Half after Eight.* A gentleman came on deck; he looks like a Colonel; hate to ask him. Offered him a pinch of snuff, in order to found acquaintance. His looks cleared up; conversed a little together; some chat about Congress; wanted dreadfully to dispute, which he declined; imagine him quite a fool. Left him; sat down, and picked three prominent hairs out of my left nostril, a little to the right.

*Nine o'Clock.* Two ladies peeped their heads up. Gave them my hand to help them over the companion. One of them courted, the other did not. Never give her my hand again. Talked with the civil lady; found her *awfully* clever, though divinely ugly; she admired the cock of my hat; praised her cap in return; could do no less. Strolled about deck for a few minutes; sat down again. Killed a flea that I caught under my arm pit; think it was a female, and in circumstances; hope nobody observed me. *Memo.* Suppose it was a brat belonging to madam, who did not courtesy to me.

*Three quarters past Nine.* Went down to breakfast. A sad misfortune! forced to eat dry bread; my good butter being forgot by Bobby, when he packed Simon's things. Found myself not very well; owing, I believe, to strong congestion of the intestinal canal. The excretory ducts want opening. Shall take a dose of jallap the moment we come to anchor.

*Precisely Ten, wanting 37 sec.* Came up again on deck; feel a little qualmish. Met the Colonel, strove to enter into conversation with him. As he seemed a little shy, presented my snuff box: he seemed to look rather wistfully at it: put it in my pocket hastily. *Memo.* For the future not to take it out so often.

*Ten o'Clock and 12 min.* The civil lady still on deck. Observed her narrowly, verily think that she is either pregnant, or inclining to a dropsical habit. Accosted her, and endeavoured to solve this perplexing doubt. Did not succeed. Resolved to have another trial. *Memo.* If she is with child, who is the father?

*Half past Ten.* At a great loss what to do. Sat some time prodigiously deep in thought, thinking about nothing. At last took out my knife, and cut the initials of my name upon the hen coop. The Colonel passed by, stood over me for some time, and said it was a *bright thought*. Thanked him for this unexpected compliment to my intellectual faculties. Faith he must be prodigiously sensible. Deep as a well. Intend to cultivate his farther acquaintance.

*Ten, and 33 min.* Thought of paring my nails to kill time. As I was doing it cut one of them to the quick, I suppose with serious fretting, or not minding what I was about. Asked the civil lady for some sticking plaster. Had none about her. What an unaccountable prodigy this! *Memo.* When I marry, never to let my wife go without a quantity of it in her pocket. Indeed Miss Kitty Fribble had some on her left cheek when I took leave of her.

*Eleven o'Clock.* Walked slowly, with my arms folded, over to the head of the packet to see how she went. Cruel! standing almost still. Discovered upon one of the islands two dogs that nobody but myself could perceive. Could not well distinguish which was the male, and which the female. Upon due reflection, think they are both shees. *Memo.* As we return, will take the jolly boat, and go on shore to elucidate this point fully, in the second edition of my journal.

*Five minutes past Eleven.* Came back from the head of the vessel. A creature poked his head out of the cabin with a night cap on. Wished him a good day. He might have taken off his cap, I think, before he returned the compliment; had a mind to tell him so; and believe I should, but he was the tallest of the two. *Memo.* Night caps are not day caps, as proved by *Timothy Skullsearch*, in his learned essay upon light and darkness, two distinct appearances.

*Twenty two minutes past Eleven.* Extremely mortified at the alarming discovery of a small hole, near the bending of the buckle on my left foot. Immediately borrowed some thread and a needle of the civil lady. She wondered what I could want of it. Took care not to let her suspect my use for it. Examined her shapes very accurately. Believe I was mistaken in my former conjecture. Yet after all am in a strange quandary. Would ask her if I durst. Fear she might think it somehow impertinent.

*Forty minutes past Eleven.* Went down into the cabin to darn my stocking. Thought to do it sily, and find nobody there. Disappointed, by seeing an elderly lady, and two children, who doubtless had been asleep at breakfast time. She was much surprised at seeing me. By her hurry in putting away a little bottle, could perceive she had been just drinking a dram. Commended her good sense highly, for using this spiritual exhilarator. She fell in a passion. Can't account for the reason. *Memo.* Never to talk of drams to old women.

*Twelve o'Clock lacking 7 min.* Went up again on deck. Uneasy about the hole in my stocking. Saw a cock roach, attempted to kill it, but found the effort too great. Came near fainting; applied Hemet's volatile acutissimum.

*Twelve o'Clock.* Still tormented with doubts about the lady; is she pregnant, or is she not? Had some melancholy thoughts about the two dogs. Suppose they should be off the island, how could I determine their sex; or with the loss of a tail, prove their identity.

*A quarter past Twelve.* The elderly lady and her two bantlings came up, for the first time since we got aboard. Danced one of the little misses on my knee, in order to make friends with the mother; and extract from her loquacity, a solvent to my confused ideas, relative to the rest of the company. The child grew seasick, threw up, and soiled my small clothes.

*Memo.* To make a calculation of the intrinsic difference, between the ruination of Nankeen, and white fattin. Glad I had not a better pair on.

*One o'Clock.* The cabin being happily clear, darted down to mend the hole in my stocking. But the felicity of finally accomplishing so material an object, combined with the terror resulting from a possible discovery, so exhausted my spirits, that the last stitch was hardly drawn tight, when I fell into a deep trance, and never awoke till we arrived at Portland.

\* \* \* \* \*

S I M O N.

## ADVICE not to counterfeit SICKNESS.

[FROM MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.]

THERE is an epigram in Martial of very good sense, for he has of all sorts, where he pleasantly tells the story of Cælius, who, to avoid making his court to some great men of Rome, to wait their levees, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the gout; and, the better to colour this pretence, anointed his legs, and had them lapped up in a great many cloths and swathings, and perfectly

counterfeited both the gesture and countenance of a gouty person; till, in the end, Fortune did him the kindness to make him one indeed:

*Tantum cura potest & ars doloris,  
Desit fingere Cælius podagram.*

The power of counterfeiting is so great, Cælius has ceas'd the gout to counterfeit. I think I have read somewhere in Ap-  
pian a story like this, of one who, to escape the proscriptions of the Tri-  
umviri

umviri of Rome, and, the better to be concealed from the discovery of those who pursued him, having shaded himself in a disguise, would yet add this invention, to counterfeit having but one eye; but, when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the plaster he had a great while worn over his eye, he found he had totally lost the sight of it indeed, and that it was absolutely gone. It is possible, that the action of sight was dulled by having been so long without exercise, and that the optick power was wholly retired into the other eye; for we evidently perceive, that the eye we keep shut sends some part of its virtue to its fellow, so that the remaining eye will swell and grow bigger; as likewise an indolent and unactive life, with the heat of ligatures and plasters, might very well have brought some gouty humour upon this dissembler of Martial. Reading, in Froissard, the story of a troop of young English gallants, to carry their left eyes bound up till they were arrived in France, and had performed some notable exploit there, I have often been tickled with the conceit of it, that it might befall them as it did the Roman, and that they had returned with but an eye apiece to their mistresses, for whose sakes they had engaged in this ridiculous vow. Mothers have reason to rebuke their children, when they counterfeit having but one eye, squinting, lameness, or any other personal defect; for, besides that their bodies, being then so tender, may be subject to take an ill bent, Fortune, I know not how, sometimes seems to take delight to take us at our word; and I have heard several examples related of people who have become really sick, by only feigning to be so. Pliny reports of one, that, once dreaming he was blind, found himself in the morning so indeed, without any preceding

infirmity in his eyes. The force of imagination may assist in this case, and Pliny seems to be of the same opinion; but it is more likely, that the motions which the body felt within (of which Physicians, if they please, may find out the cause) and took away his sight, were the occasions of his dream. Let us add another story, not improper for this subject, which Seneca relates in one of his Epistles; "You know, says he, writing to Lucilius, that Harpate, my wife's fool, is thrown upon me as an hereditary charge, for I have naturally an aversion to those monsters, and, if I have a mind to laugh at a fool, I need not seek him far, I can laugh at myself. This fool has suddenly lost her sight. I tell you a strange, but a very true thing; she is not sensible that she is blind, but eternally importunes her keeper to take her abroad, because, she says, the house is dark: I pray believe, that what we laugh at in her happens to every one of us: No one knows himself to be avaricious. Besides, the blind call for a guide, but we stray of our own accord. I am not ambitious, we say, but a man cannot live otherwise at Rome: I am not wasteful, but the city requires a great expense: It is not my fault if I am choleric; and, if I have not yet established any certain course of life, it is the fault of youth. Let us not seek our disease out of ourselves, it is in us, and planted in our bowels. And even this, that we do not perceive ourselves to be sick, renders us more hard to be cured. If we do not betimes begin to apply a salve, when shall we recover from so many wounds and ills with which we are infested? And yet we have a most sweet and charming medicine of philosophy; we are sensible of no real pleasure, unless it administers to the cure; for indeed it pleases and heals at once."

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

P H I L O. No. XI.

"These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they meet, consume."

ONE extreme generally follows another; and, when in rapid succession, the effects produced are dan-

gerous. Violent transports of joy invariably terminate in effusions of grief as violent, and in the bare review of  
the



the change, the intermediate degrees from the highest point of its elevation to the lowest point of its decline which mark its progress, the mind experiences the severest pain and uneasiness. When first assailed with this sudden impression, it flies from the moderate medium in which it usually dwells, to a region more rarified, and like the ponderous body, the moment the impetus which forced its ascent leaves it, it falls again to its humble station. It always too declines with the same velocity it ascended; and the more fanciful the pleasures in the one extreme, the more poignant the pains in the other. But rapid as this vibration of our spirits may appear, we may yet very easily impede and diminish it, and by proper attention confine it within the limits of moderation. To

effect this, we need only resort to that sovereign assistant within us, our reason. The moment this herald proclaims the approach of joy, we shall find it an easy task indeed to check the sallies of fancy, and to receive the impression, lively as it generally is, with calmness and temperance. Through a medium like this, we may give a proper scope to our feelings, without the danger of losing the command of them; may taste the sweet without the bitter, and enjoy the delicate repast without cloying the taste. While judgment sits at the helm, however violent and unexpected the blast, although raised to the tempest itself, it will conduct us safely through the midway channel, unendangered by the awful margins on either side.

#### FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ST. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, 15th chap. and 29th verse, said, "And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." It may be made a question, What are we to understand by "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ," in this place? To decide this point, let us a little attend to, and examine the context. In the immediately preceding verses the apostle is speaking of the contribution of the people of Macedonia and Achaia, in behalf of the poor Saints at Jerusalem. And he was appointed to go and carry this their charity to the needy Christians there. And he told them, when he had performed this service, and sealed to the indigent *this fruit*, he would come *by them*, the Romans, into Spain. "And I am sure, *said he*, that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ;" that is, that I shall bring you the charity and alms of such, where I am, as are able to bestow any thing upon you. What he here means is, perhaps, mainly the charitable contribution of the richer people of Corinth, (where he then was when writing) for the poorer Roman Christians. That by "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of

Christ," other things may also be intended, I will not deny; but the charity of Christians for their poor and needy brethren might *then* fitly be termed "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ," inasmuch as this was peculiarly enjoined on, and required of Christians, towards them "who are of the household of faith," in the religion which our Lord set up in the world. And this was a grace and virtue, by which the primitive Christians were eminently distinguished. Their history relates, that "the multitude of them who believed were of one heart, and of one soul: neither said any of them, that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common. Neither was there any among them who lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things which were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man, according as he had need." And we find the Apostle Paul, in the 8th chapter of the 2d epistle to the Corinthians, urging them to a liberal contribution for poor Christians, and pressing this upon them by the example of our Saviour; "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet

yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich." And hence the charity of Christians towards their poor brethren, may be emphatically stiled "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." This is the only place in the Bible where this sentence is used; it can therefore receive no light from

any parallel passage. And if the above be the true construction of this text, considered in its connection, then although this be a proper expression, as commonly used at the present day, yet it has not the same import as it had when uttered by St. Paul in the passage before us.

TEXTUARIUS.

## REMARKS on the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[By NOAH WEBSTER, jun. Esq.]

BEFORE the receipt of Dr. Franklin's letter of the 26th of Decem. 1789\*, I had had it in contemplation to publish a course of observations on the corruptions and errors which prevail in the English language. Several of these are mentioned in my Dissertations; but that work is not yet generally read, nor do the criticisms in it extend to every particular. I have been hitherto deterred from undertaking this task, by considering the extreme contempt in which grammatical enquiries are held by a great part of the world. Yet at times I have been ashamed of the motif: especially when in reading I have found erroneous doctrines on important subjects have proceeded from a mere ignorance of words. It will hardly be believed, but it is a fact capable of proof, that the English nation do not to this day know the original meaning of the word *parliament*. A mere conceit of Lord Coke or some author equally whimsical in deriving words from their roots, has passed for centuries as the true etymology of that word. Yet a knowledge of the real etymology of the word is necessary to a right understanding of the ancient history of that national assembly.†

The consideration that this is a subject of consequence, and the wishes of the late Dr. Franklin, which derive weight from a long life of experience and observation, have prevailed upon me to undertake a course of criticisms, which I hope may be of some use to those who have not time and opportunity to examine the subject of words. A few persons perhaps who have a taste for the Belles Let-

tres, may catch the spirit of enquiry and draw advantages from my criticisms.

Dr. Franklin's remarks on the use of the word *improve*, are very just. The word signifies merely to *make better*; yet in New England, it is made to signify *employ, use, occupy*. Thus our people say, a building has been *improved* as a store; a certain farm is *improved* by such a person; and a man has been *improved* as a physician. So in the Statutes of Connecticut, page 262, "All weights and measures *improved* or used by any particular person in any town &c."—In all these examples, the word *improve* not only makes a ridiculous figure, but makes nonsense. We might just as well say, a building or farm has been *consumed* five years by a tenant, as to say, it has been *improved* that time; unless we mean that a building or farm is *made better*, in which case we may use the word *improve*. In the clause of a statute before quoted, our legislature might just as well have said, all weights and measures *burnt, boiled* or used by any particular person in any town, &c. for *burnt* or *boiled* would have come as near to their ideas, as *improve*.

When we speak of a person, we should use the word *employ*; a man is *employed* as a surgeon. When we speak of a farm, we should use the words, *possess, cultivate*: A farm is in *possession* or under *cultivation*.

Possession of a house or tenement is best expressed by *occupy*; the house is *occupied* by such a tenant.

The word *use* is more applicable to chattels or small articles; a man *uses* a plow, a hoe, a horse, a book.

A parrot

\* For this Letter see our last Magazine, page 353.

† This is not the place for an explanation of the word; in a collection of Essays, just published, I have gone fully into the subject.

A *parrot* may learn to speak *words*, but *men* should learn their true meaning and make just distinctions.

Dr. Franklin remarks that, in modern times, *notice* and *advocate* are become verbs; a man *advocated* a certain measure; I *noticed* his arguments. It is doubtless true that the use of these words as *verbs* is *modern*; but I question the propriety of discarding this use of them. In this I should differ even from so respectable an authority as Dr. Franklin; although I entirely concur with him that *progress* used as a verb, is both "abominable and awkward." Let us carefully attend to the *Idioms* of our language, as well as to the *harmony* of its construction.

It is observable that multitudes of our verbs, perhaps one half of them that may be properly called English, are mere nouns, used in the form of verbs. This is the case with *love*, *fear*, *hope*, *form*, *fashion*, *pen*, *interest*, *promise*, &c. which, by the prefix *to*, or the affixing the terminations of verbs, become real verbs; as *to love*, *he loveth*, &c. It is evident to any person who looks into old *English* authors, or examines the true structure of our language, that this was the original method of forming our verbs; it may therefore be considered as the genius of our language. Whenever therefore modern nouns or new words begin to be used as verbs, we have only to consider, whether by assuming a new form, or taking the personal terminations of verbs, they do not become harsh, unharmonious, or of difficult accent in pronunciation. If they do not, I see no rational objection to their use as verbs. The words *notice* and *advocate* are not liable to this objection. They are, in most variations, of easy pronunciation; and as they abridge the number of words necessary to convey certain ideas, I should, with deference to abler judges, suppose the use of them as verbs, proper and admissible. The same cannot be said of *progress*; for to make it a verb it would be necessary to change the accent of the last syllable, and even then it would be a harsh and awkward word. The same objection lies against the use of *difficult*, a word that cannot be pro-

nounced, without violence to the organs.

The Doctor's remark on the use of *opposed* is very just. For a man to say "he is *opposed* to a measure" is neither English nor sense. He may *oppose* a measure and *be opposed* by another man; but not *opposed* to a measure; for this last passive sense, supposes an agent which *opposes him* to the measure; whereas the *act* of opposition, is limited to the person, which neuter sense should not be expressed in the passive form.

I am not a little surprised at the revival of the word *stricken*, after being disused for centuries. It may be fairly said that the word does not belong to modern English. The participle of strike is *struck*; the word *stricken* being used in one phrase only in the vulgar translation of the Bible, "stricken in years," and this phrase, as well as the word, *stricken*, is wholly obsolete. I should as soon have expected to see the words *quot* and *troved* revived in our national legislature, as *stricken*. For the honour of American Belles Lettres, I hope the word may be permitted to rest in oblivion. If Lowth's authority should be produced against me, I would just observe, that he gives *stricken* as an old participle of *strike*, and so he does *strucken*; but where are the words used? Words are like leaves of trees, always changing, as Horace remarks; *but when a word has ceased to be used by a nation, it no longer belongs to the language of that nation*; and the compiler of a Grammar has no right to say it does. This is but one of a great number of egregious errors, which we find in Lowth's Introduction, a work which has done some good and some hurt. Even on Lowth's authority we may as well use *strucken* as *stricken*, but neither of them belongs to the present English Language.

One of the warmest controversies I ever had with a friend in conversation, arose from my making an important distinction in the meaning of the words, *genius* and *capacity*. I gave it as my opinion of a certain public character, that he had not much *genius*, but a *great capacity*. My friend was surprized at my distinction, and said he had always been told that the person



son was a man of uncommon *genius*. The truth is, one half the world use words without annexing clear ideas to them. *Genius* is the power of *invention*. It depends on the imagination, which, when lively, combines ideas, which are not commonly associated. *Genius* is the gift of nature.

*Capacity* is a passive state of the mind—it consists in a power of *receiving* the ideas communicated by others. *Genius creates or invents*, capacity can only *receive* ideas.

Our remarks may be extended to many other words. *Knowledge* denotes the ideas which we derive from *observations of our own*. *Learning* and *erudition* denote what we derive from *books*. *Sense* signifies the *power of perception*; the man who readily comprehends ideas, their relations &c. is called a man of *sense*. One may be a man of *sense* without much *genius*, but not without *capacity*. Yet a man of *capacity* and a man of *sense* may be different; for a man may have a great *capacity* for knowledge, and yet have actually acquired very little knowledge; whereas we do not often call a man, a man of *sense*, unless he has made considerable acquirements.

A man of *understanding*, may signify a man of *sense*; but *understanding* is more commonly used to denote the powers of the mind in general.

*Talents*, in the plural, is used to denote the active powers of the mind

generally; or the different powers of *genius*. In the singular, *talent* denotes what is called a *vein of genius*, or a genius for a particular thing. We say a man has a *talent* for painting, music, or mathematics. This is *genius* disposed to act in a *particular manner*, and is usually the gift of nature.

*Ability*, on the other hand, when applied to the intellectual powers, may be and more usually is, an *acquired power*; a man may obtain *ability* from *practice*. This word is also used to denote the powers of the body.

*Reason* is the *comparing faculty*: It examines different ideas, to find their relation or disagreement, in order to prepare the mind, for a just conclusion, which is called *judgment*. The opinion formed on comparing different premises or propositions is called a *judgment*. A man of *judgment* is one who draws *just conclusions* from known premises. This word is often confounded with *reason*; it is said one *has not a clear judgment*, when it is meant that his *reasoning powers* are not *clear*, so that he is liable to draw wrong conclusions from facts, because he mistakes their relations, and thus to form an erroneous judgment. But when a man is not apt to foresee the true operation of known facts, he is said to be deficient in judgment.

## DESCRIPTION of the BULL BAITINGS, in SPAIN.

THE spot pitched upon for these exhibitions is a perfect square, surrounded with four or five tiers of seats and balconies. Those that are set apart for the court, and wherein, besides the king and royal family, are placed the great officers of state, the superior magistrates, and the members of the two academies, are exceedingly magnificent; the other seats are occupied indiscriminately by persons of all ranks of both sexes: the ring marked out for the bull fight is covered with sand, and made perfectly level all over, where every one may walk that chuses it, till upon a signal given, the combatants enter the lists; they are thinly habited; a short

silk waistcoat, a sash, and the lower garments of the same, being their only covering. The gentry are permitted to try their skill; but they are mounted on horses most superbly caparisoned, and followed by a number of servants on foot, whose business is to assist their masters, in case the horse should fall, or be wounded by the bull; their only weapon is a short lance, which it is their business, as it interests their honour, to bury in the throat, or heart of the bull.

The animals chosen for that purpose are the most savage of the kind, being bred in the forests, where they have hardly any opportunity of seeing a human creature; they are brought in

in the night time, lest they should grow too familiar with the sight of men. On their arrival, they are shut up until the time of the fight, being in the interim, and until that very moment, teased and fretted, in order to make them more fierce. On a signal given by the king, which is followed by a flourish of fifes and drums, the keeper lets one loose, when he bounces into the ring, frothing at the mouth, and shewing every mark of natural and provoked ferocity; the horseman waits for him, not exactly in front, but sideways of the line in which the bull first begins to run, and from which he never deviates. The horseman then taking his time, generally gives the animal a deadly blow; nay, sometimes he will, as it were, play with his furious antagonist, and sportingly delay the instant of his death; it now and then happens, however, that the horseman is not at a proper distance from the line, and such mistake is always fatal, for bulls have been known to overthrow both the horse and the rider, wound, nay and sometimes kill both on the spot.

Those who fight on foot are armed only with a small stick, about half a yard in length, with an iron crook at the end; this they endeavour to fix about the bull's head, which serves to increase his fury; the animal turns upon the assailant, who endeavours to plunge his stiletto or dagger into his

head or heart; some of these men are found so rash and fool-hardy, as to wait in the middle of the ring for the bull's rushing upon them. Swift as lightning the animal hurries on, and at the instant he stoops his head, the man places his left foot between the bull's horns, plunges into the eye or other part the crooked iron, and nimbly jumps on the other side of the animal.

Other champions are seen provoking the most furious bulls with nothing else in their hands, than a small silk cloak, which they display nearly in all its breadth, holding their body sideways; they oppose this slender shield to the attacks of the bull; the latter rushes on impetuously to the flying cloak, spends his strength in useless efforts, and falls breathless on the sand, where he is instantly dispatched with a stiletto; but if, which is seldom the case, the bull is not killed in a quarter of an hour, a signal is given to put him to death by means of a large sword, which is kept ready for the purpose; one of the foot champions lays hold of it, and placing himself advantageously, seldom fails to end the combat with one blow; different bulls are successively let loose, and the same sports repeated; during which time the king, and all those who are admitted into the royal gallery, are served with refreshments of all kinds, and in such profusion that the neighbouring gentry are abundantly supplied.

## THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

### On the BEAUTY and VARIETY of BUTTERFLIES.

Behold; ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!  
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;  
See her bright robes the BUTTERFLY unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!  
What youthful bride can equal her array?  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?  
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky. — THOMSON.

**A**MID the vast profusion of beautiful objects in the Creation, no one seems more admirably formed to attract the attention of a Contemplative Philosopher, than the Papilio or Butterfly. The beauty of this insect, the splendour and astonishing variety of its colours, its elegant form, its sprightly air, with its roving and fluttering life,

Vol. II. July, 1790.

3 E

all unite to captivate the least observant eye. A collection of Butterflies, such as that in the British Museum, and at Leicester-house, is a spectacle for the most philosophick mind. These insects, indeed, seem to vie with each other in beauty of tints and elegance of shape. The Butterflies of China, and particularly those of America,

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and on the river of the Amazons, are remarkable for their size, and for the richness and vivid lustre of their colours. Nor is it too bold an assertion, perhaps, that the Butterflies of those hot climates afford instances of the most perfect art of colouring that even Deity itself can produce. But no description can be adequate to that, of which the sight alone can form a competent idea. Hence, in the Oriental countries, where the Butterfly is so much larger and more beautiful than ours, it is no wonder, that it forms a principal ornament of their poetry.

Nature, in these insects, seems to have been fond to sport in the artificial mixture and display of her most radiant treasures. In some, what elaborate harmony of colouring, what brilliancy of tints, what soft and gradual transitions from one to another ! In the wings of others we may observe the lustre and variety of all the colours of gold, and silver, and azure, and mother of pearl ; the eyes that sparkle on the peacock's tail ; the edges bordered with shining silks and furbelows, the blended dyes of Hungary point, and the magnificence of the richest fringe.—In China, the finest and most extraordinary of these insects are sent to court, and applied to the decorations of the Emperor's palace.

But with whatever admiration we view this beautiful insect with the naked eye, how greatly is that admiration augmented, when we examine it through the microscope ! Would an uninformed spectator ever imagine, that the wings of the Butterfly are furnished with feathers ? And yet this is the opinion of some celebrated Naturalists. That beautiful dust, say they, with which the wings of the Butterfly are covered, and to which they owe both their opacity and variegated colouring, is an innumerable cluster of extremely small feathers, which cannot be discovered but by the microscope. The structure and arrangement of these feathers are described to be as perfect in symmetry, as they are beautiful in colouring ; the parts which form their centre, and which immediately touch the wing, to be the strongest ; those, on the contrary, which form the exterior circumference, to be more delicate, and of an

extraordinary fineness. All these feathers, moreover, are said to have a quill at their root ; and it is added, that if we seize the wing too roughly, we destroy the most delicate part of the plumage ! but that if we wipe off all that was supposed to be powder, nothing remains but a fine and transparent membrane, where we may easily discern the little cavities or sockets, in which the quill of each feather was fixed. This membrane, from the manner in which it is embroidered, is represented to be almost as easily distinguished from the rest of the wing, as fine lace from the cloth upon which it is stretched. It is likewise said to be more porous and more delicate ; to have the appearance of having been wrought by a needle ; and to be terminated on the outline by a fringe, the threads of which are infinitely fine, and succeed each other with the most perfect regularity.—Other Naturalists, on the contrary, maintain that this seeming powder is a perfusion of variously coloured scales ; but formed, however, in such a manner, as easily to deceive the eye by the appearance of feathers.

How much inferior must be the most magnificent robes, wrought by mortal hands, compared to the beautiful dress, with which Nature has invested the Butterfly. Our richest laces are but coarse cloth, and our finest threads but cord, compared to the delicate texture that covers the wings of this insect. In a word, such is the extreme difference to be observed between the works of Nature and those of Art, when we contemplate them through a microscope, that, while the first are finished to our utmost ideas of perfection, the latter, and even the most admirable of their kind, seem to be clumsily performed. How delicate does a fine piece of cambric appear to the naked eye ! What can be finer than its threads, or more regular than its texture ? And yet, when we view them through a microscope, these threads resemble packthread ; and one would sooner be tempted to suppose that they were the workmanship of a basket maker, than that they were wrought in the loom by an ingenious weaver.

What is most astonishing in these wonderful



wonderful insects, is, that yesterday perhaps, they were produced from an abject and contemptible worm. But now they bear aloft their painted glories,

— of all the varied dyes  
Their beauty-beaming Parent can disclose.  
THOMSON.

With what vigour do they sport in the solar ray, exult in existence, inhale the odoriferous breeze, and rove in fickle flight from flower to flower.

Their wings (all glorious to behold)  
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,  
Wide they display : the spangled dew  
Reflects their eyes and various hue.

GAY.

How wonderful this transformation from that reptile state, when struggling in the dust, they were in perpetual danger of being crushed by every

careless foot ! And by what omnipotent hand were they enabled thus to rise from the ground ? Who endued them with power to traverse the aerial plains ? Who adorned them with the vivid beauties of their wings ? God, the beneficent Creator of the Butterfly and of ---- man : God, who, in this wonderful insect has presented us with an image of that transformation which awaits our own perishable bodies !— Yes, the day will at last arrive, when quitting this earthly tabernacle, the good man shall no longer creep below. The day will come when “ this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.” The good man then, made perfect and glorified, will soar beyond the stars, and enjoy unutterable bliss in scenes of everlasting day.

## OBSERVATIONS on the MANNERS of the ITALIANS.

[Translated from the French of the Abbé Dupaty's Travels.]

Rome—Description of the Road from Leghorn to Florence, and from Florence to Rome.

**H**OW different is the road from Florence to Rome, from that of Leghorn to Florence !

After you leave Leghorn, whence Tuscany once embraced the whole world with the outstretched arms of commerce, you proceed along a magnificent road, through fields, woods, and vallies, and arrive at Pisa and the Arno.

You then follow the Arno through a vast plain, amid the richest cultivation, under a moderate temperature, which knows neither the rigour of winter, nor the heats of summer.

I was extremely delighted to meet, at every step, with fields enamelled with flowers, and women blooming with health, happiness and innocence, scattered over the fields. They seemed rather to be celebrating games and festivals, than occupied in rustick labours : They reminded me of those charming nymphs with which fable and the poets have peopled the rural shades.

But let us leave in their beauteous fields, those beauteous females, whom every painter should come in search of, and whom every traveller should

fly. Let us enter with the Arno into Florence.

What a situation is that of Florence ! The plain, in the middle of which it is seated, is covered with trees of every kind, and above all, with fruit trees. In the spring, Florence stands in the midst of a garden of flowers, and merits the name it bears.

But, in proportion as you remove from it, the ground becomes unequal, the culture unvaried, the land sterile, the men few, the women ugly, the flocks meagre ; all nature, in short, degenerates.

Advancing into Tuscany, I came to Sienna, which has nothing remarkable but the groupe of the *Three Graces*, placed in the middle of the sacrify of the cathedral, between a *dying Christ* and a *Resurrection*.

At their feet the priest prepares himself for mass ; and they are quite naked !

On leaving Sienna, the country assumes a totally different aspect. We find no more cultivation, no flocks, no habitations, no men. The reign of Nature and Leopold seems here to terminate.

Gaining, after a journey of three hours march, from hill to hill, from rock

rock to rock, the rugged summit of Redico Fanti, I found myself in the midst of chaos, all around was a silent desert; it was then night; but the next day, on descending to Ronciglione, I found the dawn, the song of the nightingale, the first shoot of the hawthorn, vallies clothed with verdure, and the celebrated lake of Trasimene and city of Viterbo all in flower: And in an instant, by a new contrast, as if traversing the enchanted abodes of Armida, under the finest sky, all motion seems to cease, and you meet with neither life nor vegetation. At a distance, you have a view of Rome; the moment after every thing disappears.

On these roads, which in ancient times were thronged by kings and nations from every corner of the universe, over which rolled triumphal cars, in which the Roman armies raised clouds of dust, and where the traveller met Cæsar, Cicero, and Augustus; I met only with pilgrims and with beggars.

At length, by continually proceeding through this desert, through solitude and silence, I found myself amongst some houses. I could not refrain from dropping a tear: I was in Rome.

What! Is this Rome! Rome, that once spread her terrors to the extremities of Asia; and is it now this desert, announced only by the tomb of Nero!

No, this is not Rome; it is merely the dead body of that illustrious city, the country round is her tomb; and the wretched populace, that swarm within her walls, the worms that devour the carcass.

#### *The Author's Arrival at Rome.*

I arrived yesterday evening very late. I could not close my eyes all night. The whole night the reflection continually occurred to my mind, *show art at Rome.* Ages, emperors, nations, every thing great, interesting, and awful, which the great name of Rome must forever suggest, occupied my whole soul.

I was impatient till the first dawn of day should exhibit to my eyes the ancient capital of the world.

At length I behold Rome.

I behold that theatre where human nature has been all that ever it can be, has performed every thing that it ever can perform, has displayed all the virtues, exhibited all the vices, brought forth the sublimest heroes, and the most execrable monsters, has been elevated to a Brutus, degraded to a Nero, and reascended to a Marcus Aurelius.

The air in which I am now breathing is that in which Cicero enchanted all ears with his eloquence; the Cæsars uttered so many terrible commands, and the Popes pronounced their mysterious and superstitious enchantments.

What rivers of blood have moistened this earth! How many tears have flowed within these walls! Horace and Virgil here recited their immortal verses!

Let us go: But whither? I am in the midst of Rome, as in the middle of the ocean. Three Romes, like three quarters of the world, present themselves to me at the same time; the Rome of Augustus, the Rome of Leo X. and the Rome of the reigning Pope.

Which shall I visit first? They all at once invite me. Where is the Capitol? Where the Museum of Clement XIV? Lead me to the arch of Titus. Let me view the Pantheon. Shew me St. Mary Magor. I would see the transfiguration of Raphael. Where is the Apollo of Belvidere? How is it possible to fix the attention, or give a preference to any object at Rome.

I must begin by straying without choice amid these venerable ruins, to wear off that first impatience of seeing, which would always prevent me from seeing well.

I am at Rome then! I am in that city which excites the attention of the whole world!

There is not a stone here, but conceals valuable knowledge—which might not serve to complete the history of Rome, and of the Arts: Let us learn to interrogate them, for they speak.

[To be continued.]

STORY

## STORY of a TURK.

"A VENETIAN ship having taken a number of the Turks prisoners, sold them according to their barbarous custom, to different persons in the city. One of those slaves, named Ibraim, lived near the house of a Venetian merchant who was very rich, and had but one son, a lad of about twelve. As he had occasion frequently to pass Ibraim, he would stop and look very earnestly at him. Ibraim observing in the lad an appearance of benevolence and tenderness, was greatly pleased with him, and sought to have his company more frequently. The lad took such a fancy to the slave, that he renewed his visits much oftener than he had done, and brought him presents for his relief and comfort. But tho Ibraim appeared always to be pleased with the innocent caresses of his young friend, yet he observed Ibraim was very sorrowful sometimes; and even shed tears. Afflicted by the repeated appearance of grief and sorrow of heart, he at length requested his father to make Ibraim happy if it was in his power.

"The father, pleased with this instance of generosity in his son, determined to see the Turk himself, and inquire into the cause of his sadness. The next day he went to see him, and looking at him for some time, was struck with the mildness and honesty of his countenance. He at length said to him, 'Art thou Ibraim, of whose courtesy and gentleness my little son has spoken to me?' 'I am the unfortunate Ibraim, who have been now three years a captive; during that space of time this youth is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; I must confess therefore he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that power, who is equally the God of the Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer.' 'Indeed, Ibraim,' said the merchant, 'he is much obliged to you, altho from his present circum-

stances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. Tell me in what I can assist you? for my son informs me that he often finds you in sorrow and tears.' 'And is it strange,' said the Turk, 'that I should pine in silence and be the prey of continual regret and sorrow, who am bereft of my liberty, the noblest gift of heaven?' 'And yet how many thousands of our nation,' said the Venetian, 'do you retain in chains?' 'I have never been guilty of the inhuman practice of enslaving my fellow creatures,' replied the Turk; 'I have never increased my property by despoiling the Venetian merchants of theirs; for the cruelty of my countrymen I am not accountable, more than you are for the barbarity of yours.'—A swelling tear started from his eye, and bedewed his manly cheek.—Recollecting himself immediately, and smiting gently on his breast, he bowed with reverence, and said, 'God is good, and man must submit to his decrees.' Affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, the merchant said, 'Ibraim, I pity your sufferings, and perhaps I may be able to relieve you. What would you do to regain your liberty?' 'I would,' said he, 'meet every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man.' 'The means of your deliverance,' said the merchant, 'are certain, without so great a trial. I have in this city an inveterate enemy who has offered me every insult and injury that malice could invent; but he is as brave as he is haughty, and I have never dared resent them as they have deserved. Here, Ibraim, is the instrument of your deliverance; take this dagger; and when night has drawn her sable curtain over the city, go with me, avenge me of mine adversary, and you shall be free.'

"Indignant at the idea of being an assassin, he rejected the proposal with disdain; and raising his fettered arm as high as his chain would admit of, he swore by the mighty prophet, Mahomet, 'that he would not stoop to so vile a deed, to purchase the freedom of all his race.' The

Venetian



Venetian left him, adding, quite deliberately, 'You will think better of this perhaps by the next time I visit you.'

"Returning the next day with his son, he accosted Ibraim mildly, telling him, that tho he rejected his proposal before, he doubted not but he might now be convinced. 'Insult not the miserable,' interrupted Ibraim warily, 'with proposals more shocking than the chains I wear. Know, Christian, that if thy religion permits such deeds, every true Mahometan views them with indignation. From this moment therefore let us break off all intercourse, and be forever strangers to each other.'—'No,' answered the merchant embracing Ibraim, 'let us be me more strongly united than ever!—Pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue. Mazzarino has a soul as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as Ibraim himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free: Thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.'

"Language cannot paint the ecstasy of joy and gratitude, which Ibraim felt at intelligence so agreeable, but unexpected. It is unnecessary to repeat the many and warm expressions of gratitude, which he uttered as soon as the first tide of joy had so abated as to give him utterance. He was set free that very day, and Mazzarino put him on board a vessel bound to one of the Grecian Islands, bade him an affectionate adieu, putting a purse of gold into his hands to bear his expenses, and wishing him every blessing. Their prayers and benedictions were mutual; for Ibraim regretted the separation from such a friend, whose disinterested goodness had set him at liberty, and with tears and prayers bade him a long farewell.

"About six months after this an accident took place, which had well nigh deprived the Venetian merchant of all his hopes. Early in the morning of one of their Saints' days, while the

family were locked in profound sleep, the house had taken fire, which had made a gradual progress, and nearly involved the whole in flame, before it was discovered. Scarce had the merchant been apprized of his danger in time to escape the awful conflagration; and no sooner had he escaped with the servants who awoke him, than he inquired for his son. What a tumult of agony and despair rent his breast, when informed that, in the general consternation, he had been forgotten, and was now alone in an upper room? He would have rushed headlong into the flames in a fruitless search for his son, had not his servants restrained him. He offered half his estate to the intrepid man who would undertake the dangerous attempt of saving his son. Tempted by the greatness of the reward, ladders were immediately raised, and several daring spirits made the attempt, but were forced back by the violence of the flames. Upon the battlements of the house, the unhappy youth now appeared, with extended arms, imploring aid, and seemed devoted to inevitable destruction. The father, beholding the imploring son, and the certain fate that awaited him, sunk under the weight of the dreadful prospect, and became totally insensible. In this moment of horrid suspense, a man rushing thro the croud, with a countenance indicating the most determined resolution, ascended a ladder, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Lost to all appearance, the gazing multitude below supposed he must perish in the flames. What then must have been their astonishment, when they beheld him issuing forth with the lad in his arms, and descend the ladder, to revive the heart of an almost expiring parent? Or what must have been his feelings, when he recovered his senses, at beholding in his own arms the darling of his heart, whom he had given up for lost?—Tenderly embracing his son, he earnestly inquired for the man who dared risk his own life to save his son. They shewed him a man of noble stature, but meanly clad, covered with smoke and scorched with heat, and all as one declared he was the

the intrepid adventurer who had saved his son.

"Mazzarino, presenting him a purse of gold, requested his acceptance of that till he could make good his promise, which should be done the next day. 'No,' replied the stranger, 'I do not sell my blood. The pleasure of saving your son is a reward greater than all your riches could give.' 'Generous man!' cried the merchant, 'thy voice, sure, is not strange to me!—It is!—' 'Yes,' exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer—'it is my Ibraim!' Nothing could exceed the astonishment and gratitude of

Mazzarino, to behold the deliverer of his son in the person of Ibraim. Taking his benefactor with him to another house of his, in a different part of the city, he inquired how he came into slavery a second time, and why he had not made him acquainted with his condition. 'That captivity which has given me an opportunity of shewing that I was not altogether undeserving thy kindness, and of preserving that dear youth, I shall ever reckon amongst the happiest events of my life,' replied the generous Turk. 'But,' continued he, 'I will relate you the whole affair.'

[To be continued.]

## COMMENCEMENT at CAMBRIDGE.

**W**EDNESDAY the 21st of July being an anniversary of Commencement, at the University in Cambridge, at 10 o'clock, his Excellency the Governour, and suite, his Honour the Lieutenant Governour, several Members of the Hon. Council and Senate, and a number of other gentlemen of distinction, arrived at Harvard Hall, escorted on their tour from Boston, by the Roxbury troop of Horse, commanded by Col Tyler, and the Sheriff of Suffolk county.—At the Hall they were received by the President and Fellows of the Corporation, Professors and Tutors, and conducted to the Philosophy Room, where the Board of Overseers met. After the necessary business was transacted, the whole proceeded to the meeting house, in procession, preceded, as usual, by the Graduates.

While the gentleman of the procession were seating themselves, a select choir of singers, accompanied with instruments, introduced the ceremonies of the day, with a well performed Anthem.

The Rev. President then addressed the Throne of Grace, in one of the best prayers we remember to have heard on any similar occasion.

After this, the exercises of the Graduates commenced with,

1. A salutatory Oration, in Latin. By Daniel Staniford.

2. A forensick Disputation, upon this

question, "*Whether a moral agent be justly liable to punishment for an action, which, at the time of acting, be judged conformable to his duty?*" By Samuel Chandler and Peter Holt.

3. A syllogistick Disputation upon this thesis, "*Figura particularum sphaerica ad fluiditatem non est necessaria.*" By Jonathan Ware and Daniel Marrett.

4. An English Conference upon *Language, Logick and Metaphysics*. By Roger Vose, Stephen Moody and Pitt Clark.

5. A Hebrew Oration. By William Ingals.

6. A forensick Disputation upon this question, "*Whether virtuous friends will know each other in a future state.*" By Jonathan Grout and David Smith.

7. A French Oration upon the Revolution in France. By John Candler.

8. A syllogistick Disputation upon this thesis—"*Dare quam accipere animum plus delectat.*" By Erasmus Babbit and Thomas Cushing Thatcher.

9. An English Poem. By Benjamin Whitwell.

10. An English Conference upon *Painting, Musick and Oratory*. By Thomas Boylston Adams, Nabum Fay and Thomas Gray.

11. A Greek Dialogue containing a comparative view of the government of Athens and Sparta. By Samuel Chandler Crafts, and Benjamin Halsey.

12. An

12. An English Oration. By *Josiah Quincy*.

English Compositions by a number of the candidates.

The Procession then returned to the Hall, where they dined.

Being returned to the meeting house in the afternoon, the President addressed the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in a comprehensive and elegant speech. After which

13. An English Oration upon the prospects of the United States of America, was delivered. By Mr. *Nathaniel Freeman*.

*The degree of BACHELOR of ARTS, was then conferred on*

Peter Schuyler	Living-Nathaniel Ruggles,
Hon,	David Smith,
Thomas B. Adams,	Daniel Staniford,
Erafinus Babbitt,	Micah Stone,
Jonathan Bowman,	John Sullivan,
John Callender,	James Sullivan,
Samuel Chandler,	George Sullivan,
Pitt Clark,	John Tappan,
Samuel C. Crafts,	Tho's C. Thatcher,
Richard Cutts,	Thomas Thomas,
Joseph Deenie,	Daniel Tilton,
Nahum Fay,	Paul Trapier,
Thomas Gray,	Abijah Tufts,
Jonathan Grout,	Roger Vose,
Benjamin Hasey,	Samuel Walker,
Peter Holt,	Jonathan Ware,
John C. Howard,	Joseph Warren,
Gilbert H. Hubbard,	Josiah Waters,
William Ingals,	Samuel Welles,
Daniel Murrett,	Benjamin Whitwell,
Stephen Moody,	Francis Withers,
Josiah Quincy,	Samuel Wragg.

*And the degree of MASTER of ARTS, was conferred on*

Amos Windship,	William L. Abbot,
Samuel Borland,	Abiel Abbot,
Ebenezer Hill,	John Q. Adams,
Jonathan E. Porter,	Jonathan Amory,

Benjamin Beale,	Nathan'l Lawrence,
Gard'r L. Chandler,	Ebenezer Learned,
William Cranch,	James Lloyd,
Peter Eaton,	William Mason,
John Forbes,	Samuel Mead,
Oliver Fiske,	Hezekiah Packard,
Bossenger Foster,	Samuel Putnam,
Nathaniel Freeman,	Isaac Rand,
Tho's Hammond,	John Sever,
Thad. M. Harris,	Francis Welch,
Walter Hunewell,	Leonard White,
Joseph Jackson,	Samuel Willard,
Afa Johnson,	Samuel Williams,
Ephraim Kendall,	

*Ad eundem.* Mr. Nathaniel Adams, of Dartmouth College.

The degree of Bachelor in Physick was conferred on Mr. Amos Windship, and Mr. Nathan Smith.

*Honourary Degrees.*

The honourary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the Hon. Samuel Shaw, and the Rev. Moses Sweat.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon the Hon. John Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Bench of the United States.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Daniel Shute.

The degree of Doctor in Physick upon the following Physicians, Thomas Bulfinch, John Coakley Lettome, James Lloyd and Samuel Danforth.

Then followed a Valedictory Oration, in Latin. By Mr. *Thaddeus M. Harris*.

The solemnities were then closed with Prayer, by the President.

The exercises were occasionally interspersed with performances of Music, by the choir of singers, assisted by several musicians.

The company was very numerous, and their satisfaction complete.

## SINGULAR INTEGRITY.

ON the burning shores, destined as it were only to glut an insatiable thirst of gold, a virtuous Dane exhibited unexampled proofs of integrity and humanity. At the forts of Fredericksburgh and Christianburgh, situated on the gold coast, at a small distance from each other, the Danish African Company, who, by virtue of their charter, were in possession of

them, had exercised its privileges with that barbarity of which the most polished European nations have set the example, in these devoted climates. This Dane, whose name was Schilde-rop, was the only one of its agents who had the resolution to renounce that cruelty to which custom had given a kind of sanction. So great was the reputation of his humanity, and the confidence



confidence reposed in his probity, that the blacks would come the distance of 300 miles to see him : and the Sovereign of a distant country sent his daughter to him, with presents of gold and slaves, that this European, so revered through all the coasts of Nigritia, might give him a grandson. O Virtue ! still dost thou exist in the souls of those wretched beings, condemned to dwell with tigers, or to groan beneath the yoke of their own species ! They yet have hearts susceptible of the soft im-

pressions of humanity and beneficence ! Just and virtuous Dane ! what monarch ever received so pure, so glorious an homage, as thy nation has seen thee enjoy ? And where ? Upon a sea, upon a continent, degraded forever by an infamous traffick of men exchanged for arms ! and children sold by their parents ! of crimes and misfortunes carried on through two centuries !—We cannot sufficiently deplore such horrors ; and, if we could, our lamentations would be useless.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## MONTHLY REVIEW of NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Blooms Grove Family, 2 vols. 12mo. price 10s.*

THE Rev. Enos Hitchcock, D. D. resident at Providence, in the state of Rhode Island, is the Author of this original, valuable, and instructive work : thoroughly convinced "that the systems of education written in Europe, are too local to be transferred to America ; they being generally designed for a style of life different from that which is necessary for the inhabitants of the United States to adopt ; and which neither reach our circumstances, nor are suited to the genius of our government," he has ventured to delineate his sentiments upon a mode of domestick education, suited to the present state of society, government, and manners, in these confederated republics. This, the most important of all subjects, which can possibly engage the human attention, occupies the two volumes before us ; and it is no more than justice to observe, that a vast variety of excellent and philosophick sentiment, illustrated by pertinent and beautiful example, is delivered in neat and perspicuous language, adapted rather to instruct than please. It is true, he never rises above mediocrity in the portrait of his favourite characters ; neither does he at any time descend to low vulgarisms. Mr. and Mrs. Blooms Grove, the parents of Osander and Rozella, are certainly amiable people ; yet, there is nothing striking that extorts this eulogium : Their children are really clever ; they

*Vol. II. July, 1790.*

3 F

bid fair to be useful ; but little can be discovered of great excellencies : however, the unenviable task of searching out faults, is cheerfully resigned to severer criticism. A writer's ideas are best conveyed in his own words ; and the extracts we now present to gratify our readers, if they do not sentimentally affect the heart, are at least in no danger of giving a wrong bias to the passions.

### *Importance of the first Seven Years of Life.*

The first seven years are a period of much greater importance in the business of education, than is generally imagined. Within this period are laid the foundation of health, the temperament of the body, on which depend the passions and affections of the heart. On this foundation is to rise the fabrick of virtue and excellence.

This is not a season for the acquisition of much understanding ; but I will venture to say, we gain more knowledge now, than in the same term, during any other part of life. Children are so inquisitive concerning the names, properties, and relations of things, that there are but few objects, with which we generally become acquainted, but fall within the limits of a child's knowledge.

Before an infant can understand the meaning of any word, it will be greatly affected by the tone of voice ; by harmony and discord. Parents should therefore take care what sounds are familiar

familiar to their children ; should be mindful of the language they use in their presence.

The disposition is now forming ; the little plant of reason is now in embryo ; these should be guarded against noxious vapours, and cherished with prudent culture. The capacity as well as character of a man, depends greatly on the passions of infancy ; particularly on early associations or early habits. Error and negligence, respecting the ingredients of passions or habits, in the first period of education, are constant alloys to the excellence afterwards acquired. Injudicious indulgence, carelessness, or severity, fixes in our constitution ill health and bad temper, which mark the body or countenance with deformity, and render the mind incapable of great acquisitions either of science or happiness. *Of Cleanliness, Air, Exercise, Diet, &c. during this period.*

Mrs. Bloomsgrove, sensible that a "sound mind," in a "sound body," was a blessing in the first rank of life ; and that these are connected together, first turned her attention to their health. Cleanliness, air, and exercise, she considered as the stamina of health, and therefore let them play in the open air. She was less fearful of cold than heat ; and had them temperately clad both summer and winter : by varying their dress but little with the seasons, she preserved a regular temperament of body. This excellent mother, observing that poor children acquired a hardiness, from the necessity of having their feet frequently wet, injured Osander, and even the little Rozella, to feel alternately wet and dry, both summer and winter. They slide on the ice, till their feet becomes wet with the snow which melts upon them. They thus divert themselves till they are fatigued, or it is time to call them in to dinner : they are not suffered to go to the fire, but are kept in motion, until the balance is well restored, and they are in a proper temperament to be at rest. The open air, where it can be enjoyed, undoubtedly, is far preferable to any house for children to divert themselves in : for by degrees they habituate themselves to those vicissitudes of

weather, to which they will be exposed all their days. Their bodies will be of little use to them, in this variable climate, if they cannot endure these changes ; nor can they enjoy life unless prepared for them by early habits.

Plainness and simplicity in food and drink, were the maxims which governed Mrs. Bloomsgrove in the management of her children. Milk and farinaceous food are the most suitable for them. Butter, oily substances, gross meats, or any heavy bodies, such as high seasonings consist of, oppress the stomach, heat and vitiate the blood, and bring on unnatural drought, languor and drowsiness. Drink is often given to children to silence their crying ; and whenever they see others drink, it excites an inclination to the same in themselves ; and if gratified will induce a dangerous habit. Unnatural drought will only be increased by drinking ; for it is certain that frequent drinking creates drought. A person may be guilty of intemperance in the use of cold water, as well as of ardent spirits. In the article of fruit, they were indulged, with very little restriction, except that the fruit be ripe.—The rotation of summer fruit is admirably suited to correct the blood and juices, and afford a balance against the excessive heat of the season.

*Mrs. Bloomsgrove guards her children against the fear of Thunder, Apparitions, &c.*

Osander and Rozella, like other children, are born with the various passions and propensities of human nature ; they see some of the servants fearful when it thunders, and run to their mamma, in a fright, for shelter : she appears cheerful, and pleasantly says, "the sun will shine clearly, and the birds will sing prettily after this." Afterwards when a thunder gust is rising, she calls them to her own room, which is in the south east corner of the house, and looking thro a lattice, formed of honey suckle, commands a most beautifully variegated prospect ; and with the aid of her husband, if he is at home, amuses the children with the various beauties that offer themselves to view, and with such entertaining stories as arise in her mind.

No stories of ghosts and hobgoblins have ever yet reached their ears, nor ever will, if the vigilance of parents can prevent the evil. Ofander and Rozella, have no more fear from those chimerical inhabitants of darkness, than we have from those of Herschel: their ignorance is their protection against all such fairy beings; having no knowledge of them, they go to bed in the dark, with less fear than most others do with a candle: they say their prayers; repeat their evening hymns; and fall asleep, with as little apprehension of danger as if in their mother's arms.

*Preventives against Rashness.*

Mrs. Bloomsgrove guards her children against rashness, by suffering them to experience the inconvenience of it, when very young. Rozella, pleased with the lustre of a candle, cries for it; she is permitted to handle it, and to burn her fingers a little. She never wishes for so dangerous a bauble again. If Ofander cries for a shining knife, it is given him; but craftily drawn so as to cut his finger. He feels the inconvenience of the glittering thing, and willingly gives it up; nor does he soon forget the danger attending it.

*Complaints discouraged.*

If Rozella catches up her brother's top, and runs away with it, and complaint is made, or her mamma sees the playful trick, she is told to restore it, and never to take any thing that does not belong to her. If he at any time invades her property, the same useful lesson is taught him. By these means they are learning to feel the force of that social rule of conduct, *do as ye would be done unto*, before they understand any thing of its origin or extent. Interferences of interest or of passions will produce contentions, and these complaints; but so prudent a mother will rarely indulge children in coming to her with complaints one against

the other. To allow of this, on every trifling occasion, would be to encourage a complaining disposition.

*Revenge cured.*

It happened one day, as Rozella was running in one of the cross walks in the garden, she stumbled over the handle of Ofander's hoe, which he had heedlessly left in the way. She fell upon his bed, and broke down a favourite vine. Ofander, seeing what she had done, and not knowing by what means, in the first fury of his passion, ran to her knot, and pulled up by the roots the most beautiful tulip she had in all her flowery. Upon examination it appeared, that Rozella's conduct was accidental, in which she came very near losing one of her eyes. She sobs, and is very sorry that she had hurt her brother's vine, and offers to replace it with some of her sweet briar. She is dismissed with a caution to be more careful in future, and a charge always to love her little brother.

Ofander was then called; he appears guilty. Such is the different effects of actions voluntary and those which are unavoidable. Washing in cold water had stilled the tumult of his passions; eating with his sister had opened all the avenues to the heart; he felt the force of conviction, and owned the fault. He said he would never hurt his sister's things any more; that he intended to pull off the tulip and the whole came up by the roots; but he would replace it with his double pink holyoke. His mother gravely said, my dear I am glad you see your error. I only wish you had seen it before you committed it; because revenge is the worst thing in the world. Your sister did not design to do you an injury, and besides, she had like to have lost one of her eyes in the fall. The mention of this quite overcame him. He burst into a flood of tears.

[To be continued.]

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF FEMALE REVENGE.

**M**ONS. D'ESTACHE, formerly a cornet in Asfeld's dragoons, being fifty two years old, seduced a young lady of seventeen years of age, whose name was St. Cheron, and then

refused to marry her, under the pretence of having been too familiar with her mother in his younger days. The abused lady had two brothers, officers in the regiment of Brissack, who would have



have fought D'Estache, but he wounded the eldest in the face, and shot the other brother from a window. This injured family had a sister, who for some time abandoned herself to grief and rage; but the last of these passions prevailing, prompted her to a revenge above the daring of her sex; for, being informed that her sister's seducer and brother's murderer was at Montpellier, she went thither from Gighac, where she lived, and found means, the very evening of her arrival, to be in-

troduced to the guilty author of her family's disgrace, whom she instantly shot dead with a pistol. She then wrote to Mons. Le Blanc, Secretary at War, owning the deed, but denying its being an offence to which mercy was not due. The Ladies of Montpellier, one and all, approved of her conduct; they made themselves prisoners, to accompany her to the Throne, and she soon obtained a full pardon.

## The B O U Q U E T.

A HUMOUROUS divine, visiting a gentleman, whose wife was none of the most amiable, overheard his friend say, "If it was not for the stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors." Upon which the clergyman stepped in, and said, "pray sir, make no stranger of me."

GENERAL Lee, by way of encouragement, told one of his Aid de Camps never to mind danger, for that his Prussian Majesty had twenty killed in one action. Oh! replied the latter, I am never concerned for myself, *only afraid that Congress cannot spare so many.*

THE poetical Lord Littleton's Dialogues of the Dead being the subject of conversation one evening, the Dutchess of Northumberland asked a gentleman's opinion of it, who replied, he thought them excellent likenesses *after life.*

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in a country church yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that, not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend, observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, *he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.*

TWO gentlemen, riding in the country, one of them observed a handsome seat delightfully situated, and enquired of his companion whose it was; who informed him it belonged to a card maker. Upon my life, said the gentleman, one would imagine all that man's cards turned up *trumps.*

LORD N—, observed, at an exhibition of paintings, that Sir Joshua Reynolds was, without doubt, the greatest painter living. "True, my Lord, replied a gentleman, for let who will cut a figure on canvas, Sir Joshua's *genius* will ever come off with *flying colours.*"

*Anecdote of Jean Baptiste Santeuil.*

A PRIEST of St. Victor submitted some verses to his inspection, in which was the word *quoniam*, an expression entirely profane. Santeuil, in order to rally him, repeated a whole psalm, where the same occurred twenty times—" *Constitimini Domino quoniam, &c.*"—The Priest, piqued at his severity, immediately replied, in the words of Virgil—" *Insanire quoniam licet tibi.*"

A COUNTRY Squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman, who was present, immediately left the table, and asked ten thousand pardons for not remembering that his lordship's *nearest relation* was in orders.

SEAT



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

O D E.

Inscribed to Mrs. M. WARREN.

**A**MID the splendour of that fame  
Immortal genius rais'd,  
With all the love thy virtues claim,  
Virtues by envy prais'd,  
The least of bright Apollo's choir  
Awakes the willing lyre ;  
And at thy feet the grateful tribute pays,  
Due to thy matchless worth, thy fame-embellish'd lays.

Tho' o'er Columbia's plain,  
Fair science smil'd ;  
And many a muse-enraptur'd swain,  
Lent musick to the wild ;  
No fair one by Minerva led,  
Approach'd Pteris's spring,  
Or dar'd the flow'ry paths to tread,  
Or tune the golden string.  
But timid genius from her self retires,  
Conceals her darting rays, and damps her  
kindling fires.

Till bursting thro' the veil of night,  
Bright as the floating beams of light,  
Thy glowing strains appear ;  
To lead the envied way is thine—  
Since only *distant* praise is mine,  
Ah ! deign that praise to hear.

While o'er Parnassian heights thy muse ascends,

Low in the vale my humble genius bends.

Not that round thy hallow'd brow,  
Fairest wreaths of laurel flow ;  
That the graces of the Nine,  
Every power of song is thine ;  
That Minerva leads the way,  
And thy ready steps obey :  
Not from these, alone, I raise  
All thy glory, all thy praise ;  
Tho' to genius much is due,  
Brighter plaudits shine on you :  
The heart, that melts at every woe,  
Which rends another's breast ;  
The mind, that feels th' enraptured glow,  
Whene'er another's blest ;  
That o'er dejected virtue's sigh,  
Can pour the balm of care,  
And from the magick of the eye,  
Lead patience to despair :

These are thy boast, and these shall grace  
thy name,

Beyond the glories of a deathless fame.

PHILENIA CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A MORAL SONG.

*Youth and a virtuous Old Age, are fraught with pleasure ; but active middle age, distracted with business, is a scene of care.*

**I**N pleasing dreams of airy bliss,  
Our youthful moments flow ;  
Soft fancy smooths the hours with peace,  
And hushes every woe :  
But when stern manhood breaks the spell,  
Our life itself appears,  
As all our fathers knew too well,  
A dreary vale of tears.

When youth my blood with raptures warm'd,  
And care was quite unknown,  
No angry strife my face deform'd,  
And pleasure rul'd alone :  
But age unkindly from my eyes,  
The sweet delusion tore ;  
My bosom, filled with constant sighs,  
Knew peace and joy no more.

The busy scenes of troubled life,  
Ambition, care and noise,  
Curse manhood's state with jarring strife,  
And poison all our joys :  
Then fierce contending passions sway,  
The panting anxious breast ;  
Pursuits for wealth employ each day,  
And man can find no rest :

Or love, lays fettering in the heart,  
And banishes our peace ;  
The nymph who first has caused the smart,  
Alone, can bid it cease ;  
But should the fair relentless prove,  
And frown with dread disdain,  
Heaven's noblest passion, generous love,  
Would be a source of pain.

Thus real woes on man attend,  
When in his strength and prime ;  
Tho' virtue may some comforts send,  
Her rays but feebly shine ;  
Temptations throng and vice appears,  
In beauteous robes arrayed ;  
We court the charms the *barlot* wears,  
But shun the *sacred maid*.

But when time's hand has blanch'd the  
We sink in life's decay, [head,  
Our noisy passions all are dead,  
And tranquil pleasures play ;  
Again we *dream* of airy bliss,  
Our years serenely roll,  
Religion fills the heart with peace,  
And reason guides the soul.

Thus

Thus drawing near the verge of heaven,  
We feel its influence more,  
And larger stores of joy are given,  
As we approach that shore;  
So in our youth when first we leave,  
The realms of innocence,  
From reason's voice we must believe,  
We draw our pleasures thence.

EUGENIO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The LAST DAY.

WHAT mean those blue topt clouds in  
yonder sky! [descrie!  
That thick'ning smoke and mist I now  
In dreadful pomp I see a flag unfurl'd,  
The banners wave, the fiery bolts are  
hur'd. [found,  
Methinks I hear the trumpet's solemn  
Roll round the wide expanse, and shake the  
ground:  
The dead seem gath'ring in the realms of day,  
They crowd along, and fill me with dismay.  
Hark! don't the shouts of Angels strike  
mine ear? [fear;  
Great men and kings are pal'd with guilty  
They onward move, they bow before their  
God, [rod.  
In wonder stand, and kiss his chast'ning  
Look! see proud kingdoms in succession  
rise, [ring eyes;  
They upward speed, and greet my wond-  
In vain they toil to join the blissful throng,  
They strive in vain to ape the pleasing  
song.

But quick the Lamb the savior of our race,  
Leapt from his throne, and sped thro' ample  
space;

A burning train clos'd up the mighty void,  
The fears of righteous men he soon de-  
stroy'd. [claims,

Come, children of my blood, the God pro-  
Come seek my rest, and then I'll ease your  
pains;

For you I bled on Calvary's awful mount,  
For you I dy'd, and spilt the crimson fount;  
Come taste the springs, the dew of heav'nly  
lands, [bands;

Where peace and plenty crown the festive  
No more shall storms and blots your souls  
infest,

But hush your rising sighs to balmy rest.

With tremb'ling dread, the sinner stood  
confess, [drest:

The thronging crowd the saviour thus ad-  
To yonder dark'ning realms you soon must  
lie, [ful sigh;

The flames shall burn, and wring the pain-  
The light'ning's rage shall check your fond  
desires, [fires;

Your curses vent, and aid the scorching  
The smoke in torrents rise, and clouds the  
morn, [born;

In pain you live, and wish yourselves un-  
lterably shall feed the dreadful smart,  
Nor peace nor rest shall those long years im-  
part;

But frightful scenes before you always glide,  
And Pluto's breed shall mingle side by side.

Amid this work, a prelude to the last,  
The sun, and moon, and stars, became o'er-  
cast;

The shady eve, with all its fullen train,  
Now rose to view, and onward mov'd amain;  
The black'ning storms seem gath'ring in  
the air,

The wicked die away in dark despair;  
The bolts of wrath are scatter'd round the  
globe, [robe,

A God appears and shows his crimson  
Dipt in the blood of self condemning man,  
He drew his sword, the tide in torrents ran.

Some pow'r divine, to ken the pending  
fate,

Inclin'd to place me near the blissful gate;  
Protected by the hand that rules my mind,  
I sat secure and saw the raging wind.

Round the wide space my anxious eye  
extends,

The orbs on high the God to dust condemns:  
To worlds unknown I bend my piercing  
sight,

The systems all are wrapt in shades of night.  
The earth is shaken from its mighty base,  
The nations flee, and Angels sweep the  
chase:

'Tis done! 'tis done! a spirit cries aloud,  
Away it soars, and men to mountains  
croud; [man trust,

The rocks and hills, vain boasts of hu-  
Now shake with dread, and soon are  
whelm'd in dust!

Convulsing elements now feed the flame,  
The skies, the hills, the vales, are all the  
same;

Convolving clouds in angry columns form,  
Their squadrons move, and puff the fiery  
storm.

The red'ning vortex flying thro' the air,  
Condense the spheres, and aid the great  
affair; [ning vale,

The liquid streams run down the length-  
The God appears to fan the swelling gale;  
Upward I see thro' wide extended skies,  
I pause to look, but earth in ruin lies!

PUNCTILIO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## A PASTORAL.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA.

PHILANDER.

HARK! with melting notes  
The little warblers sing;  
They swell their tuneful throats,  
And hail returning spring.  
Come, Sylvia, hear their gentle strains;  
Come, trace with me the flowery plains.

SYLVIA.

Yes, my Philander, let us rove,  
And taste the sweets of May;  
We'll haste to yonder grove,  
And sweetly there improve  
The fast declining day.

PHILANDER.



PHILANDER.

Altho the hastening sun  
Rolls down the western skies,  
When he retires, the silver moon,  
Will charm our wond'ring eyes.

SYLVIA.

How sweet the fragrance! Winter's gloom  
No longer hangs around;  
Returning spring, with all her bloom,  
Arrays the teeming ground.  
The spreading trees adorn the side  
Of yonder sloping hill;  
In rows unfold their flowery pride,  
With sweet perfumes on every side,  
The fanning wings of gentle zephyrs fill.  
But see, this peach tree sheds its bloom;  
Here it lies scatter'd o'er the ground;  
Why this so hasty doom?  
Why the sweet flowers no longer found?

PHILANDER.

Here, my charming Sylvia, see  
Thyself in every flower;  
The fragrant blush adorns the tree;  
'Tis wither'd in an hour.  
The charms of beauty fade,  
The charms of beauty fly;  
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,  
Are soon forever fled.

SYLVIA.

'Tis just, Philander, beauty flies,  
All outward charms decay;  
But in the breast, a wonderous mind,  
With wonderous powers endow'd, we find,  
Which still remains, while vigor dies,  
And feeble nature wastes away.  
This to attend shall be our care,  
And when the blush no more we view,  
When time destroys the rosy hue;  
Then, as the fruit succeeds the flower,  
So will this well improved power  
A store of dainties bear.

PHILANDER.

Let us the verdant steep ascend,  
To yonder spreading shade,  
There view a scene  
Of beauteous green,  
A distant landscape spread,  
Where gentle streams their winding courses  
bend.  
Lean on my hand; the hill we'll slowly rise,  
And on the flowery summit rest;  
While, darting round from east to west,  
Unwearied fancy flies.

SYLVIA.

Why is not earth a level plain?  
Why hills and mountains rise?  
Hills, we ascend with pain;  
Mountains, that reach the skies.

PHILANDER.

These have their use in nature's plan,  
For nothing's made in vain;  
Could we the depth of wisdom scan,  
We should no more complain.  
Mountains draw the floating clouds;  
Mountains drink the moistening dew;  
This in trickling streams convey,  
Which to valleys find their way,  
Where the gliding rills we view  
Swelling on to rolling floods.

Tho' the steep we rise with pain,  
When the summit once we gain,  
Pleasure bids our pain retire;  
No more we murmur, but admire.  
Balmy zephyrs, whistling round,  
Waft our anxious cares away,  
With a gentle, rustling sound  
Thro' the sporting branches play.  
There we breathe the spicy air,  
Wonders rise before us there,  
And limits vast the distant prospect bound.  
Where towering rocks and mountains rise,  
What grandeur fills the admiring soul!  
She wondering views, and wrapt in sweet  
surprise, [to poet.  
Dwells on each scene, then darts from pole

SYLVIA.

O my Philander! you inspire  
With rapturous joy my breast!  
I view the scene with sweet surprise,  
Where hills and rocks majestic rise,  
And towering mountains reach the skies.  
I view it, and admire,  
With dear Philander blest!

PHILANDER.

My lovely Sylvia, here we trace  
The marks of power divine.  
What wonders fill unbounded space!  
What works of wisdom shine!

SYLVIA.

Hush, every murmuring breath;  
Each restless thought, retire;  
Henceforth, in life or death,  
I'll wonder, and admire.  
Nature spreads her beauties round;  
Matchless charms adorn the ground.  
In a rich profusion here  
Lovely vernal flowers appear.  
These the hand of art disdain;  
Painters here may toil in vain;  
Nature's charms surpass their power  
In every face, in every flower.  
Hark, what raptures fill the grove!  
There the warblers tell their love.  
Now they join their melting lays,  
Their evening songs in concert raise,  
And sweetly chant their maker's praise.

PHILANDER.

The shining sun is fled;  
The twilight now retires;  
The moon forsakes her watry bed;  
The skies relume their sparkling fires;  
The evening veil is drawn around;  
The pearly dew o'ercreeps the ground;  
The humble cottage waits our feet,  
Of sweet content the calm retreat.  
Come, my dear Sylvia, let's retire,  
And, fill'd with rapture, still admire.

ZURICS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS TO GOOD NATURE.

KIND guardian of the peaceful breast,  
Make me thy amicable guest.  
Come, loveliest cherub of the sky,  
With dimpled smile and sparkling eye.  
Whose soul no rage did e'er deform,  
No passions kindle into storm.

Whose

Whose easy conduct, placid look,  
Smooth as the gentle gliding brook ;  
Whose tranquil breast and temper even,  
Make thee the fav'rite child of heaven.  
O give me thy enliv'ning power  
To fill with joy the social hour !  
Grant me thy cheerful, halcyon soul ;  
Bid dullness fly, and tides of pleasure roll !  
ALOUETTE.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The ROSE. A FRAGMENT.

To J. W. L. on his INVOCATION to RETIREMENT, LINES to CONTENT, HAPPINESS, &c.

HAST thou not seen a blushing rose,  
At morning's dawn its sweets disclose,  
And softly lift its head ;  
Hast thou not gone at dewy eve,  
To give one look, then take thy leave,  
Alas, behold it dead !

Its leaves are scattered here and there,  
No longer Ethelinda's care,  
But wafted in the wind.

Then think that this may be thy lot,  
Ere thou hast reach'd yon little cot,  
The rose still in your mind.

Hast thou not gone to pluck the flower,  
From Ethelinda's fav'rite bower,  
But hindered by a thorn ;  
Then drop a tear, then heave a sigh,  
And look with pity's mild beam'd eye,  
But not a look to mourn.

EMMELINE.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### To PHILENIA CONSTANTIA.

FROM elevated minds, how sweet is praise,  
Though far from due to my unpolish'd  
lays,  
Too much extol'd by those ingenious lines,  
Where beauties rich, with sentiment en-  
twines. [live,

The only semblance in my breast shall  
Th' aspiring hope thy spirit to revive !  
For not unblest my efforts are, or vain,  
While "dear to thee" appears each sooth-  
ing strain.

But I, "the lowest of the tuneful tribe,"  
Thy stile, all eloquence, can ne'er describe ;  
Thy verse, so plaintive and attun'd so  
sweet. [meet.

My heart's soft sympathy, fail'd not to  
Charm'd by thy radiance, melted by thy  
war, [to flow ;

Thy sense and suff'rings taught my tears  
That mental worth, and an exterior form,  
Replete with all the graces which adorn  
That one, accomplish'd to embellish life,  
Should be with "wayward fortune" thus  
at strife.

Me "fortune favours" not, though  
"friends care" [blest !]  
"With ev'ry wish," denied the "power to

On "pleasure's throne" my seat was never  
rear'd,  
On life's gay theatre I ne'er appear'd ;  
In sorrow's vale were pass'd my earliest  
years,

There did I learn the luxury of tears !  
And now, deprived of health, no pow'r's I  
boast ;

Like a wreck'd vessel on some desert coast,  
Or a weak bark upon the ocean tost,  
Each cheering social scene to me is lost.  
But for *this state*, my bosom sure might be  
A pillow to repose thy griefs and thee.

Yet may thou soon some blest'd asylum  
find,

To calm the conflicts of thy aching mind !  
Some one, of generous and congenial soul,  
Whose tender influence might thy tears  
control ; [breast,  
Who'd soothe thee on her sweet consoling  
And gently lull thy cares to balmy rest ;  
While heav'n, thy long priz'd friend, pre-  
serves for thee

Thy happier fortune, kinder days to see.  
EUPHELIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The GOLDEN AGE.

Translated from OVID's *Metamorphosis*.

WHEN faith and honesty with willing  
hand,  
Sway'd the blest sceptre of the smiling land,  
Then bloom'd the *Golden Age* ; then all  
mankind, [clin'd.

Beneath the bowers of sweet content re-  
No brazen\* records kept the crowd in awe ;  
For innocence supplied the want of law.  
No conscious guilt disturb'd each peaceful  
bower,

No fierce tribunal grasp'd despotick power ;  
Nor pale revenge pursued with endless  
wrath ; [ged path.

But peace with flowers bestrew'd life's rug-  
The lofty pine, which crown'd the moun-  
tain's brow, [flow,

Where clouds of green around th' horizon  
Had not yet sought the distant world t' ex-  
plore ;

Nor heard the ocean's wild tumultuous roar.  
Ambition had not yet inflam'd mankind,  
Within their cots by sweet content confin'd.  
War's ruthless hand had not the rampart  
rais'd, [blaz'd ;

No hostile standards o'er the meadows  
No threatening clarions taught the field to  
bleed ;

Nor brazen horns arous'd the martial steed ;  
No savage sword cut short the vital breath ;  
Nor glittering helmets brav'd th' approach  
of death.

\*The Romans had their laws engraved on  
brazen tablets, open to the eye of the publick ;  
hence the poet, being himself a Roman, adopt-  
ed this form of expression, to inform us that  
laws were not instituted in the age, he is de-  
scribing.

The

In soft delight, far from the din of arms,  
 The world repos'd, secure from all alarms;  
 No shining share the fertile vallies tore,  
 Spontaneous earth her rich luxuriance bore;  
 Divine Content, whose charms ne'er fail to  
     please, [trees.  
 Fed on the fruits, which bent the lab'ring  
 The smiling berries, which on mountains  
     glow'd, [road;  
 Or blush'd beneath the brambles on the  
 The sacred acorn\*, shaken by the wind,  
 Supplied the daily wants of all mankind.  
 Unceasing spring breath'd fragrance round  
     their bowers, [flowers.  
 And soft Zephyrus fann'd spontaneous  
 The earth untill'd, with smiling fruitage  
     glow'd, [flow'd.  
 And round the fields the yellow harvest  
 The heav'nly nectar from the skies was  
     shower'd; [pour'd;  
 And streams of milk along the meadows  
 The verdant oak with honey bath'd the  
     plain,  
 And blest Content prolong'd the golden reign.

ÆGON.

\* The acorn was sacred to Jupiter.  
 Cambridge, July 19th, 1790.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SINGLE LIFE and MATRIMONY con-  
traffed.

By a STUDENT at YALE COLLEGE.

THE matrimonial state—All prudent  
     men approve;  
 The wise sincerely hate—A course of chang-  
     ing love;  
 True happiness we find—In Hymen's silken  
     chain,  
 With those who are unjoin'd—There's nought  
     but fear and pain.  
 I'll therefore wisely dare—To have a con-  
     stant wife,  
 To change from fair to fair—Is but a  
     wretched life.

ANSWER to a CHALLENGE.

'TIS not the fear of death, nor smart,  
     Makes me averse to fight;  
 But to preserve a tender heart,  
     Not mine, but Celia's right.  
 Then let your fury be suppress'd,  
     Not me, but Celia spare;  
 Your sword is welcome to my breast,  
     Whenever she's not there.

Dr. JOHNSON to STELLA.

On her giving the author a gold and silk net  
     purse of her own weaving.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms  
     unite  
 To make thy curious web delight;  
 In vain the varied work would shine,  
 If wrought by any hand but thine;  
 Vol. II. June, 1790. 3 G

The hand that knows the subtler art.  
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin,  
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine;  
 Nor can I hope thy silken chain  
 The glittering vagrants shall restrain.  
 Why Stella was it thus decreed,  
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of  
 GEORGE BARNWELL was written last  
 year, and pronounced at a publick re-  
 presentation of that play. You will readi-  
 ly discover it to be a juvenile effusion, but  
 if you should think it worthy a place in  
 your instructive Museum, you are at liberty  
 to insert it.

EPILOGUE to GEORGE BARN-  
WELL.

To be spoken in the character of MARIA.

I F mournful scenes e'er drew from pity's  
     eye,  
 The tender melting tears of sympathy;  
 Sure these may claim them—here's no fan-  
     cied grief,  
 But all is nat'ral—all's within belief.  
 If love lorn maids e'er mourn'd their  
     wretched fate, [late.  
 Then I have cause though now I mourn too  
 Was e'er distress like mine? I feel the smart  
 Of fruitless love, within my aching heart.  
 Ye tender fair, who feel for others' woe,  
 You'll sure on me one pitying tear bestow.

O unexpected stroke! O fate severe!  
 Thy fall, poor Barnwell, claims the mourn-  
     ful tear! [rung,  
 What tho' no funeral knell for thee is  
 Nor solemn dirges round thy grave are sung;  
 Yet mild compassion shall thy tomb bedew  
 With tears of virgins often shed anew;  
 Yet shall thy name be known thro' distant  
     climes, [crimes.  
 And thy bright virtues half atone thy  
 Thy fate shall teach incautious youth to fly  
 The paths of vice with circumspective eye.  
 Thy death in virtue's cause shall do far  
     more [before.  
 Than thy whole life had done for vice

Well, gentlemen, I've done with Barnwell  
     now,  
 And by your leave I'll turn myself to you.  
 Altho' I'm now a mourning, hopeless lover,  
 'Tis ten to one my grief will soon be over:  
 If then some generous youth his love should  
     proffer,  
 I might perhaps with joy accept his offer.  
 But first I'll tell you what must be the  
     swain,  
 Who'd fondly hope my virgin heart to gain.  
 A friend to innocence that youth must be,  
 Who with success would make his court to  
     me;

A for



A foe to all the vile seducing race,  
 Who seek my sex's ruin and disgrace,  
 Whose impious hearts with basest raptures  
 glow,  
 When tears for ruin'd honour sadly flow.  
 His soul must be with virtue's breath in-  
 spir'd, [fir'd.  
 With honour's flame, and gen'rous feelings  
 In fine—let him who'd hope to win a vir-  
 tuous maid, [array'd.  
 Be first *himself* in virtue's shining dress

SERENO.

---

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

On the DEATH of a NEW BORN IN-  
 FANT.

AH! wipe those tears! repress the sigh!  
 And lift to heav'n th' adoring eye;  
 Thy infant babe who sleeps in dust,  
 The ligaments of death shall burst;  
 And tow'ring on seraphick plume,  
 Rise far above the narrow tomb;  
 Where cherubs tune their harps to praise,  
 And children, hymn the fire of days.

And is it true? say can it be?  
 My weeping friend demands of me.  
 Go search religion's sacred lore,  
 Resolve each doubt: Ah! doubt no more,  
 For ev'ry wound this finds a balm;  
 Heav'n's lenient oil, and mercy's palm,  
 Extract affliction's deep lodged dart;  
 And gently sooth the tortur'd heart;

Is there a single, transient flow'r,  
 Which paints the mead for one short hour:  
 Or ev'n a bird that cleaves the air,  
 But what is God's peculiar care?  
 To him the little nestling cries;  
 His lib'ral hand their wants supplies;  
 And loud his love proclaims each day,  
*Are we not better far than they.*

BELINDA.

---

A FRIENDLY EPISTLE.

*Addressed to Nobody.*

BELIEVE me dear Jack,  
 There is nothing you lack,  
 But what you with ease may acquire;  
 You've a good share of sense,  
 You have silver and pence,  
 As much as your wants can require.

Yet it must be confess'd,  
 That when you are dress'd,  
 That your air and your figure is smart;  
 Thanks, thanks to dear pride,  
 She has arm'd my weak side,  
 Or I should be afraid for my heart.

As a well meaning friend,  
 I would this recommend,  
 'Tis advice I ne'er gave you before;  
 Your passions correct,  
 And behave with respect,  
 To merit, tho' lowly and poor.

I've observ'd you with pain,  
 Too conscious and vain,  
 Of your graces of mind and of form;  
 Indeed few like thee,  
 From these foibles are free,  
 But I wish gentle swain you'd reform.

If a change should take place,  
 You no doubt will find grace  
 In the sight of the good and the fair;  
 Heaven grant that it may,  
 I hope you will say,  
 A responsive amen to my prayer.

And now my dear creature,  
 You've real good nature,  
 A quantum sufficit I know,  
 Your friend to excuse,  
 For her saucy abuse,  
 Of so very accomplish'd a beau.

AURELIA.

---

DEAN SWIFT'S EPITAPH upon  
 DOCTOR BURNETT.

HERE *Sarum* lies, who was as wise,  
 And learned as *Tom Aquinas*;  
 Lawn sleeves he wore, yet was no more  
 A christian than *Socinus*.

Oaths pro and con, he swallowed down,  
 Lov'd gold like any layman;  
 He preach'd and pray'd, and yet betray'd  
 God's holy church for mammon.

If such a soul, to heaven stole,  
 And pass'd the devil's clutches;  
 I do presume, there may be room,  
 For Marib'rough, and his dutchess.

---

D U E T T O.

SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS.

SHE.

SHEPHERD, why so lost in gazing?  
 These are maids of high degree:  
 Woe befall their arts of pleading,  
 If they steal thy thoughts from me.

HE.

Yes! my fair one, here are faces,  
 Which might make the proudest yield;  
 But against their dangerous graces  
 Constancy shall hold the shield.

SHE.

These fine youths are slaves to fashion;  
 Still they loath what they pursue.

HE.

Ill they know the bliss of passion,  
 To be happy, I'll be true.

SHE.

I'm contented, one possessing;

HE.

One to me, is ever new.

BOTH.

Learn, fair strangers, learn the blessing,  
 To be happy, *we are true.*

The

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

# The LOVELY LASS.---A NEW SONG.

[WORDS by Mr. BROWN.—Set by Mr. SELBY.]

Sym.





## II.

'Twas where the murm'ring waters stray,  
And birds their hours beguile,  
I first beheld thee dance and play,  
Ah me! and saw thee smile.

## III.

And would you bid me cease to love,  
And fly my soft alarms,

First bid the river cease to move,  
And musick to have charms.

## IV.

Vain I endeavour to depart,  
And wish that I were free,  
No more will love fly from my heart,  
Than loveliness from thee.

## The GAZETTE.

### Foreign Occurrences.

L O N D O N, June 25.

#### LAW REPORT.

Court of King's Bench, London, 25 George

#### III. WATKEYS *versus* DELANCEY.

**T**HIS was an action of covenant, brought to recover the purchase money of an estate in Newyork, sold by the defendant, who is a loyalist, after an act of attainder of the state had been passed against him, attainting his person and confiscating his estate.

In the deed of conveyance to the plaintiff the defendant covenanted that, at the

time of sale, he was seized of a clear and indefeasible estate of inheritance, and that he had a good right to sell.

The existing act of attainder was admitted by the defendant, and also admitted that the plaintiff, after the evacuation of Newyork, was turned out of possession by the commissioners under the act of attainder, who sold the estate.

This was a cause which very materially affected the interests of the loyalists.

Counsel for the plaintiff said they were not able to cite any authorities in point, as this



this was perfectly a new case. They contended, that as the defendant knew of the act of attainder, at the time of the sale, and the plaintiff was ignorant of it, he had in fact paid his money for nothing, and the defendant in conscience ought to reimburse it. That the preliminary articles of peace having stipulated that the Congress should recommend the restoration of all the forfeited estates, such stipulation confirmed the right to pass such acts of forfeiture, and would not have been made if the right to confiscate had been doubted. He admitted if the act of attainder had passed subsequent to the conveyance to the plaintiff, the defendant, in that case, would not have been liable.

Counsel for the defendant was proceeding to argue in behalf of the defendant; but Lord Mansfield begged he would not trouble himself; it was a clear case.

His Lordship said this was nothing more or less than a covenant, on the part of the defendant, that he was seized of a clear estate in fee, at the time of the sale; so he was by all the laws existing at that time, and then known to this constitution. He did not covenant against revolutions of empires, or against an armed force. A covenant of this sort cannot be extended to political revolutions or the accidents of war. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

Sir Benjamin Thompson, F. R. S. in his

philosophical and chymical papers, has earnestly recommended the wearing of flannel next the skin, having himself experienced great benefit from it, before he had any idea of discovering the physical cause. "I am astonished, (he says,) that the custom should not have prevailed more universally; I am confident it would prevent a multitude of diseases, and I know no greater luxury than the comfortable sensation which results from wearing of it. It is a mistaken notion that it is too warm a clothing for the summer; I have worn it in all climates, and in the hottest seasons of the year, and never found the least inconvenience from it. It is the warm bath of perspiration, confined by a linen shirt, wet with sweat, which renders the summer heats of southern climates, so insupportable; but flannel promotes perspiration, and favours evaporation; and evaporation, as is well known, produces positive cold.

LONDONDERRY, (Ireland) May 11.

Mr. Cox, the American constructor of our Bridge, has commenced the work, and his men proceed in the business with a spirit, alacrity and industry unknown to the workmen of some other countries. We have the pleasure of hearing, that the Mayor and Corporation, in a few days, intend to give their sanction to the happy commencement of this great undertaking, by being present at the sinking of the first pier.

## Domestick Occurrences.

NEW YORK, July 21.

**Y**ESTERDAY the Mayor waited on the President of the United States, and presented the request of the Corporation that he would honour them with permitting Mr. Trumbull to take his portrait, to be placed in the City Hall, as a mark of the respect the citizens of New York entertain of his virtues.

The President was pleased to express the favourable impressions occasioned by this application, and cheerfully granted the request.

CREEKS.

Wednesday last arrived in this city Col. Alexander M'Gillivray, and the Kings, Chiefs, and Warriors of the Creek nation, escorted by Col. Marinus Willet.

A Packet, under the direction of Major Stagg, had been dispatched to Elizabethtown point, by order of the Secretary at War, on board of which they embarked at that place in the morning, and landed at Murray's Wharf at about 2 o'clock.

As they passed the Battery a federal salute was fired, which was repeated at the moment of their landing.

The Society of St. Tammany in their proper dresses--accompanied by Gen. Malcolm, and a detachment of the City Artillery, and Infantry, waited their arrival, and escorted them to the house of the Hon.

Gen. Knox, after which they were introduced by the General to the President of the United States: They then waited on his Excellency the Governor, and dined at the City Tavern, in company with the Secretary at War, the Senators and Representatives of the State of Georgia, Gen. Malcolm, the Military Officers on duty, and the Officers of the Society of St. Tammany.

The publick curiosity was greatly excited, and the multitude immense, which collected on this occasion.

Our visitors appeared to be greatly pleased with their polite and friendly reception, and the publick demonstration of satisfaction at the occasion of their long journey to the Great Council of the States.

HARTFORD, July 26.

Last Saturday sennight the Hon. *Jedediah Strong*, Esq. a member of the Council of the state, and one of the Judges of the County Court in Litchfield, was arrested upon the complaint of his lady, and had before *Tapping Reeve*, Esq. The delinquent requested an adjournment that he might procure Counsel; and the court was adjourned until Monday last. At the time of trial, the concourse of people made it necessary to move to the court house, where after full enquiry it appeared upon evidence, that the delinquent, had often imposed unrea-

sonable

sonable restraints upon his wife, and withheld from her the comforts and conveniences of life; that he had *beat her, pulled her hair, kicked her out of bed, and spit in her face*, times without number. Whereupon, the judge, after summing up the testimony in a very elegant and masterly manner, pronounced sentence, that the delinquent should become bound with sureties for his good behaviour towards all mankind, and especially towards his wife, in the penal sum of *one thousand pounds*, and to appear and answer to the charges against him at the next County Court. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this sentence, among his acquaintance in Litchfield and elsewhere, who have long known the infamy of his private character, while his hypocrisy and intrigues have imposed upon the good people of the State at large.

Last week was completed at the Bell Foundry in this city, by Messrs. *Doolittle and Goodyear*, a Bell for the town of Portland, Massachusetts, weighing about one thousand pounds. This is the fourth which these gentlemen have cast within a few months past, and though all of them have met with the approbation of good judges of foundry, this last is allowed to be superior to either of the others. Bells from 100 to 3000 pounds, equal in every respect to those imported, and much cheaper, may be had at this Foundry on very short notice.

#### STOCKBRIDGE, July 20.

On Wednesday, 7th inst. a child of Christopher Thorna's, of Egremont, a Hessian, late from Germany, strayed from home, to a place known by the name of Osburn's Mills, on Mount Washington, near the line which divides Massachusetts from New-York. The father of the child being absent at this time, the mother gave information to, and requested the assistance of some of the neighbours in searching for the child: they immediately collected, began and continued the search through the remainder of the day, without success. The next morning a greater number of people assembled, and with diligence and care, the day through, explored the woods and brook, near by where the child was last seen: the exertions, however, used this and the next day (Friday) proved fruitless.—On Saturday morning a very considerable number of people assembled, in order for a new search; while they were making preparations for this purpose, information was brought them that the child was found. It was discovered by its crying; the place where it was found was at the distance of two miles from the house of the parents. The child had been absent three days and three nights, without any other covering than an old shift, was much scratched by the bushes, and bitten by the insects of the season. It appeared almost impossible for any human being of that age (the child was but three years old) to have got to the place where it was discovered; as it was three quarters of a mile from any

road or house, and in the midst of high mountains and rocks.

#### BOSTON, July.

*A Description of a curious piece of CLOCK WORK, lately finished by Mr. Walter Folger, junr. (a young man of 25 years of age and bred to no kind of business) of Nantucket, Massachusetts.*

It performs the office of a common eight day Clock, but what is most extraordinary, is the Astronomical part, which at once discovers the ingenuity of the inventor; when the sun should rise, there is a Sun rises in the machine, comes to the Meridian, and sets at the time the Sun in the Heavens should set at all seasons of the year, and exhibits the Sun's declination, place in the Ecliptick, time of her rising and setting every day of the year; when the Moon should rise, there is a Moon that rises in the machine, making the same appearances that the Moon in the Heavens should make, comes on the Meridian and sets at the proper time, making all the different appearances that the Moon makes in the Heavens.

It exhibits the Moon's declination, time of high and low water at all times of the year, and keeps the date of the year for the space of one century without requiring any alteration.

By this Machine, the curious phenomena of the harvest Moon, is rendered plain and easy to be understood by the meanest capacity.

It is all performed with forty wheels, and a suitable number of pinions, beside a large number of levers, chains, &c. and contained between two brass plates, seven inches long, and five inches wide, and between one of the said plates and the Dial plate, which is  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and 14 inches wide; the thickness from the Dial plate, is five inches; it is kept in motion by two weights of the size of the weights of a common Clock, and that motion kept regular by a second pendulum; there is one wheel in it that keeps in motion continually, but that motion is so slow as to take up the space of above 18 years to perform one revolution.

#### TRIAL FOR MURDER.

At Pownalborough, in the County of Lincoln, before the Supreme Judicial Court, came on the trial of *Sam. Hadlock*, of Mount Desert, for the Murder of *Eliab Littlefield Gott*, a young man of about 22 years of age; and after a trial, which lasted the whole day, the Jury returned their Verdict, that the prisoner was *Guilty*.—In the course of the trial, it appeared that *Hadlock* previous to his committing the horrid murder, had worked himself up into a violent passion with his neighbours, on account, *as he said*, of their propagating some stories to his disadvantage; the first effect of which discovered itself at the house of one *Manchester*, where, after some abusive language he seized Mrs. *Manchester* by the hair of her head, pulled her out of doors, and threw her on the

the ground several times, in a great rage--he then left the House, and in a short time after called to the deceased, who at this time was passing by, in a boat, and requested to be set across the river in his boat. With this friendly design Gott went on shore. Hadlock inquired where he was going with his boat? Gott answered, to an island after sand. Hadlock told him he had no right there, as he himself had a lease of the island. Gott replied that he did not know it. Upon this, Hadlock fastened the boat, and plunged Gott three times under the water holding him down some time--he then with a large club drove the young man and a boy that was with him up to *Mancheffer's* house, where he found one *Richardson*, who had been called to the aid of this distressed family--he immediately seized *Richardson* by the collar, thrust him out of doors with great violence, who taking the advantage of a fence, jumped over, pulled Hadlock against the fence and held him--at this instant Mr. Gott came out, Hadlock caught hold of his hair and held his head hard down on his own breast, he was relieved by Mrs. *Mancheffer*--*Richardson* now permitted Hadlock to rise, on his solemn promises that he would behave decently, and not offer further abuse to the company; no sooner was he at liberty, than he snatched up an hedge-stake and pursued the young men, but not being able to come up with *Richardson*, he pursued Gott, whose clothes were wet, and boots filled with water, soon came up with him, and knocked him down; the young man then begged him to spare his life, and that God would have mercy on him! Hadlock told him to pray quick, for it should be the last time; repeating his blows which fractured his skull in several places. The witnesses testified that they left them in this situation, not daring to return until the next morning, when they found Mr. Gott both senseless and speechless in *Mancheffer's* house, which had been deserted over night by the family.--Mr. Gott survived but a few hours.--Thus fell an innocent young man, a victim to the ungoverned passions of an unprovoked neighbour, probably too much inflamed with strong drink.--Let such as indulge this vice take warning by Hadlock's unhappy situation, especially when they are reminded that the law considers intoxication as an aggravation, rather than an excuse for a crime.

#### REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

The following may be depended upon as a fact: In heaving down and repairing the ship *Oliver Branch* lately arrived at New-York from Dublin, the Carpenters found the flue of an anchor, which it is supposed will weigh upwards of seventy pounds, sticking in her bottom between two timbers, and is supposed to have been struck upon in Dublin harbour. Very providentially for the ship's company it remained firm in its place till now; had it been removed at sea, the ship must undoubtedly have foundered.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

The President of the United States has been pleased to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint,

The *Sieur de la Motte*, Vice Counsel of the United States for the port of Havre de Grace, in the Kingdom of France.

Henry Marchant, Judge.--William Channing, Attorney; and William Peck, Marshall of the Judicial Court of the United States, for the District of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

Ebenezer Thompson, Naval Officer for the port of Providence, in the place of Theodore Foster, who is appointed Senator of the United States.

Job Comstock, Surveyor for the port of East Greenwich.

Nathaniel Phillips, Surveyor for the ports of Warren and Barrington.

Samuel Bozworth, Surveyor for the Port of Bristol.

George Stillman, Surveyor for the port of Pawcatuck River.

John Anthony Aborn, Surveyor for the Port of Pawtuxet.

ORDAINED.--At Windsor, Vermont, Rev. Samuel Shuttlesworth; sermon by Rev. Mr. Bancroft of Worcester.--At Sutton, Rev. Edmund Mills.

#### MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.--In Boston, Mr. Lot Heyden to Miss Coleworthy; Mr. William Blake, to Miss Deborah Breck; Dr. William Cutler, of Weymouth, to Miss Betsey Henderson.--At Roxbury, Capt. Thomas Tileston to Miss Betsey Wait.--At Springfield, Hon. Jonathan Bliss, of the Province of New Brunswick, to Miss Mary Worthington.--At Salem, Capt. Benjamin Maley, of Newburyport, to Miss Lydia Mason.--At Braintree, Rev. Asa Packard, of Marlborough, to Miss Nancy Quincy, of Braintree.--At Portland, Mr. Thomas Hodges, of London, merchant, to Miss Jane Robinson.--At Brookfield, Mr. Reuben Gilbert to Miss Dolly Moss.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.--At Portsmouth, Mr. Benjamin Leverett, merchant, to Miss Comfort Marshall.

RHODE ISLAND.--At Johnston, Dr. Alpheus Smith, to Miss Polly Smith; Mr. James Rhodes, of Pawtuxet, to Miss Elizabeth Arnold, of Cranston.

NEW YORK.--Dr. John B. Rogers, of New York, to Miss Susan Kearny, of Amboy, New Jersey.

#### DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.--In Boston, Mrs. Lucy Russell, consort of Capt. Ephraim Russell, of Stow, aged 38; Mr. Paltiel Hunt, aged 24; Peter Bowyer, Esq; aged 59; Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, aged 72; Mrs. Jane Adamson, aged 40; Miss Elizabeth Holmes, aged 31; Mrs. Abigail Arnold, aged



aged 43 ; Mr. Cornelius Thayer, aged 71 ; Mr. Rodolph Frederick Geyer, aged 80 ; Mr. Edward Green, aged 57 ; Mrs. Margaret Yates, widow, aged 54 ; on his passage from Portau Prince, Mr. William Williams jun. son to Mr. William Williams of this town.—At Roxbury, Capt. Nathaniel Patten, aged 57.—At Salem, Mrs. Jane Appleton, aged 41 ; Mr. Abraham Wat-son, aged 79 ; Miss Priscilla Glover, aged 40 ; Mr. Lord, drowned ; Miss Sarah Knight ; Mr. Benjamin Abbot.—At Hingham, Mr. Eliza Leavitt, aged 77 ; Mrs. Mary Thaxter, aged 66, the amiable consort of Deacon Joseph Thaxter.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Martha Hall Danforth, consort of Dr. Samuel Danforth of Boston ; Mrs. Susannah Humphrey, aged 87.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Elizabeth Champney, aged 55.—At Falmouth, Mrs. Barker.—At Bath, Mrs. Abigail Burbeck, wife of Capt. Henry Burbeck.—At Roch-ester, Rev. Thomas West, aged 82.—At Marblehead, Richard Harris, Esq; collector of impost for that district, aged 52 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Devereux, aged 42.—At Scituate Mrs. Esther Clap, widow of the Hon. Thomas Clap, aged 71.—At Sandwich, Mr. John Arnold, of Boston, aged 23.—At Medford, Mr. Jonathan Patten.—At Bil-lerica, Miss Sarah Spooner, aged 22.—At Worcester, Deacon Reuben Hamilton, aged 63 ; Mr. Peter Goulding.—At Barre, Mr. Abraham Jones, aged 29.—At West Point Capt. William Price.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—At Portsmouth, Mrs. Sarah Buckminster, consort of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, aged 37 ; Mrs. Mercy Hart, aged 51 ; Mrs. Hannah Fowle, aged 73.—At Amherst, Mr. Jacob M'Dan-iels.—At Exeter, Mr. Dudley Becket, aged 56 ; Mr. Samuel Kimball, aged 21.

CONNECTICUT.—At Fairfield, Gold Selleck Silliman, Esq. aged 59.

RHODE ISLAND.—At Johnston, Mrs. Lydia Harris, aged 23.—At Providence, Mrs. Spencer ; Miss Lucy Olney ; Mrs. Mary Demont ; Miss Sybil Martin, aged 18 ; Miss Alice Manchester, aged 21.—At Newport, Mrs. Dyre ; Mrs. Honeyman ; Mrs. Coggeshall, aged 82 ; Mr. Eliza Gibbs, aged 78 ; Miss Mary Peck.—At Windham, Mrs. Lydia Gray, aged 66.—At Attleborough, Mr. William May.—At Portsmouth, Jonathan Freeborn, Esq.

NEW YORK.—In the city, Col. Isaac Melcher, aged 41, who served as a volun-tee in the late American army ; John Sweet, Esq. aged 70, a noted physician.

NEW JERSEY.—At Elizabethtown, His Excellency William Livingston, Esq. Gov-ernour of Newjersey ; Rev. Thomas B. Chandler, D. D.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—At Charleston, Mr. Francis Dehon, merchant, formerly of Bos-ton ; Mr. Stephen Green, formerly of Boston, aged 28.

#### FOREIGN DEATH.

In Turkey, of poison, the Grand Vi-zier.

#### METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, for JULY, 1790.

Barometer.				Thermometer.			Wind.	Weather.
D.	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.		
1	29 71	29 67	29 66	61	75	61 5	W. SW. NW.	Clou. Fair. Au. Bo.
2	74	72	65	62	75	64	W. SW.	Fair.
3	57	54	55	67	74	65 5	SW. W.	Hazy, Fair. Au. Bo.
C	61	60	56	61 5	77 5	68 5	W. SW. S.	Haz. Cl. Th. sh. ni.
5	52	51	54	71 5	87	76	SW.	Hazy.
6	55	53	51	73	92	74	SW.	Hazy, Fair, Cloudy.
7	50	47	45	62	67	59 5	NE. E.	Cloudy, Thun. sh.
8	49	51	61	63	75 5	62	SW. W.	Cloudy, Fair.
9	72	77	89	62	75	63	NW. W.	Fair.
10	97	97	96	64	80	68	W. SW.	Hazy, Fair.
C	96	95	94	67 5	78	70 5	S.	Fair, Hazy.
12	93	92	94	69	80 5	63 5	SW. E. W.	Fair, Cloudy.
13	97	97	96	63 5	70 5	62 5	SW. E.	Cloudy, Fair.
14	97	99	96	68	79 5	70	S. E. S.	Fair, Cloudy.
15	94	90	80	69 5	83	68 5	S. SW.	Fair, Cloudy.
16	72	71	66	70	76	67	W. E.	Fa. Ha. Th. sh. A. B.
17	61	60	71	68 5	76	61	N. E. NE.	Cloudy, Thun. sh.
C	78	78	77	61 5	71 5	58	N. E.	Fair.
19	69	63	62	62	64	58	SE. E. NE.	Cloudy, Rain.
20	60	62	62	58 5	72	56 5	N. NE. E.	Cloudy, Fair.
21	64	64	67	64	81	68	W. SW.	Fair.
22	70	72	72	68	89	70	SW. W.	Fair.
23	72	71	67	72	85	74 5	SW. E. SW.	Fair.
24	63	60	50	77	88	74	S.	Fair.
C	45	39	41	75	84	67 5	SW. NW.	Fair, Thu. sh.
26	55	59	73	65 5	78	63	W. SW.	Fair.
27	80	80	76	67	82 5	70	SW. S.	Hazy, Fair, Cloudy.
28	69	71	84	69 5	83	68 5	S. W.	Cloudy, Fair.
29	97	98	93	67	77 5	65 5	NW. E.	Fair.
30	88	81	71	67 5	80	67 5	SW. S.	Fair, Hazy.
31	64	61	70	71	84	69	S. W.	Fair, Cloudy.